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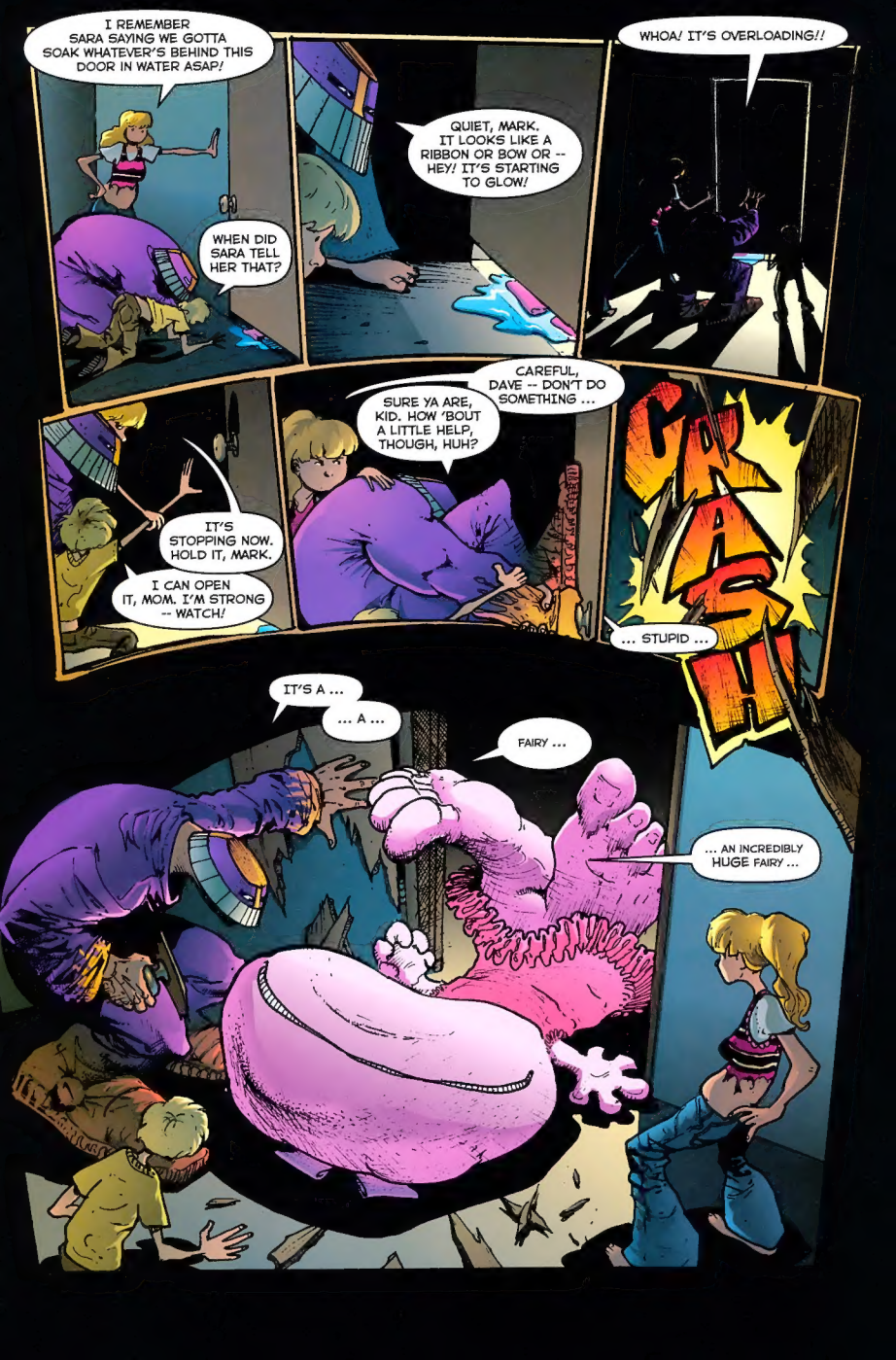
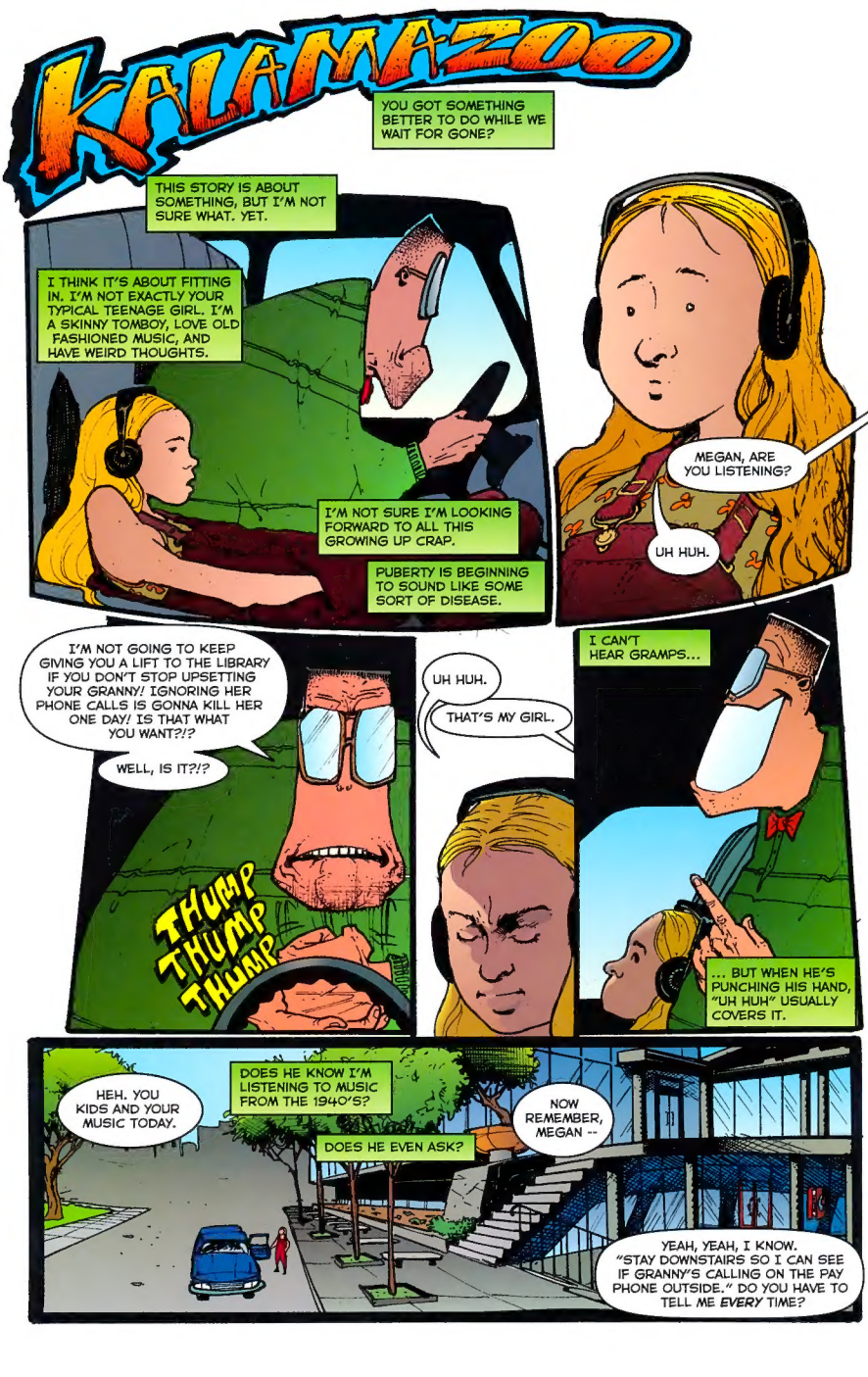
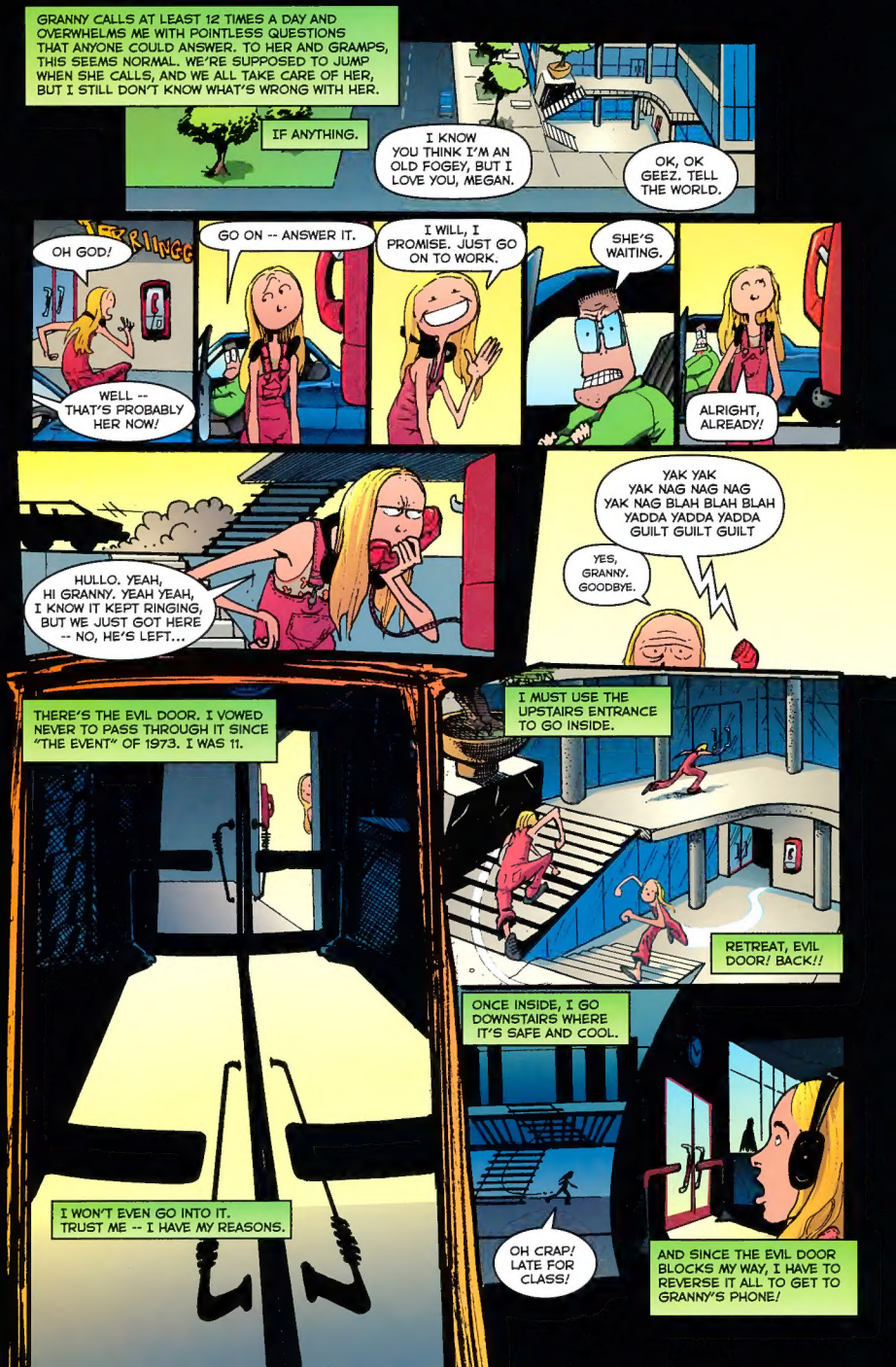

I REMEMBER SARA SAYING WE GOTTA SOAK WHATEVER'S BEHIND THIS DOOR IN WATER ASAP!
WHEN DID SARA TELL HER THAT?
QUIET, MARK. IT LOOKS LIKE A RIBBON OR BOW OR -- HEY! IT'S STARTING TO GLOW!
WHOA! IT'S OVERLOADING!!
IT'S STOPPING NOW. HOLD IT, MARK.
I CAN OPEN IT, MOM. I'M STRONG -- WATCH!
SURE YA ARE, KID. HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE HELP, THOUGH, HUH?
CAREFUL, DAVE -- DON'T DO SOMETHING ...
CRASH!
... STUPID ...
IT'S A ...
... A ...
FAIRY ...
... AN INCREDIBLY HUGE FAIRY ...

NO, NO -- IT'S A 300- POUND WHITE IS.
WHAT'S A FAIRY?
IT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT FOOTBALL TO ME.
YOU SEE AN IS, HUH?
YEP.
OBVIOUSLY, WE'RE ALL SEEING WHAT WE WANT TO SEE.
WHAT HAPPENED TO IT, MOM? WHY'S IT SO BIG?
I DUNNO, BUT ...
... WE GOTTA GET IT TO WATER, AND QUICK, LIKE SARA SAID!
HEY DAVE -- WHAT'S A 300- POUND FOOTBALL EAT?
THIS IS SERIOUS, MARK.
I THINK ...
HEY JULIE -- MAYBE THIS IS THAT WHITE IS THAT ESCAPED FROM YOUR OUTBACK INTO OUR WORLD UNCHANGED. REMEMBER?
WHATEVER. :PANT PANT: KEEP PUSHING.
WHERE WE GOIN'?
SARA'S GOT NO BATHTUB -- STEVE TOLD ME THERE'S A TUB EVERYONE SHARES IN THE BASEMENT.
THANK GOD IT FITS... WELL, SORT OF... I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO MY IS, TO MAKE IT SWELL UP?
YOU MEAN YOUR FOOTBALL. I LIKE THE CLEATS ON HIS FEET.
I HOPE IT DOESN'T SAY SOMETHING ABOUT MY MASCULINITY THAT I'M SEEING PINK FAIRIES.
MARK, GO GET GONE. AND HURRY! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

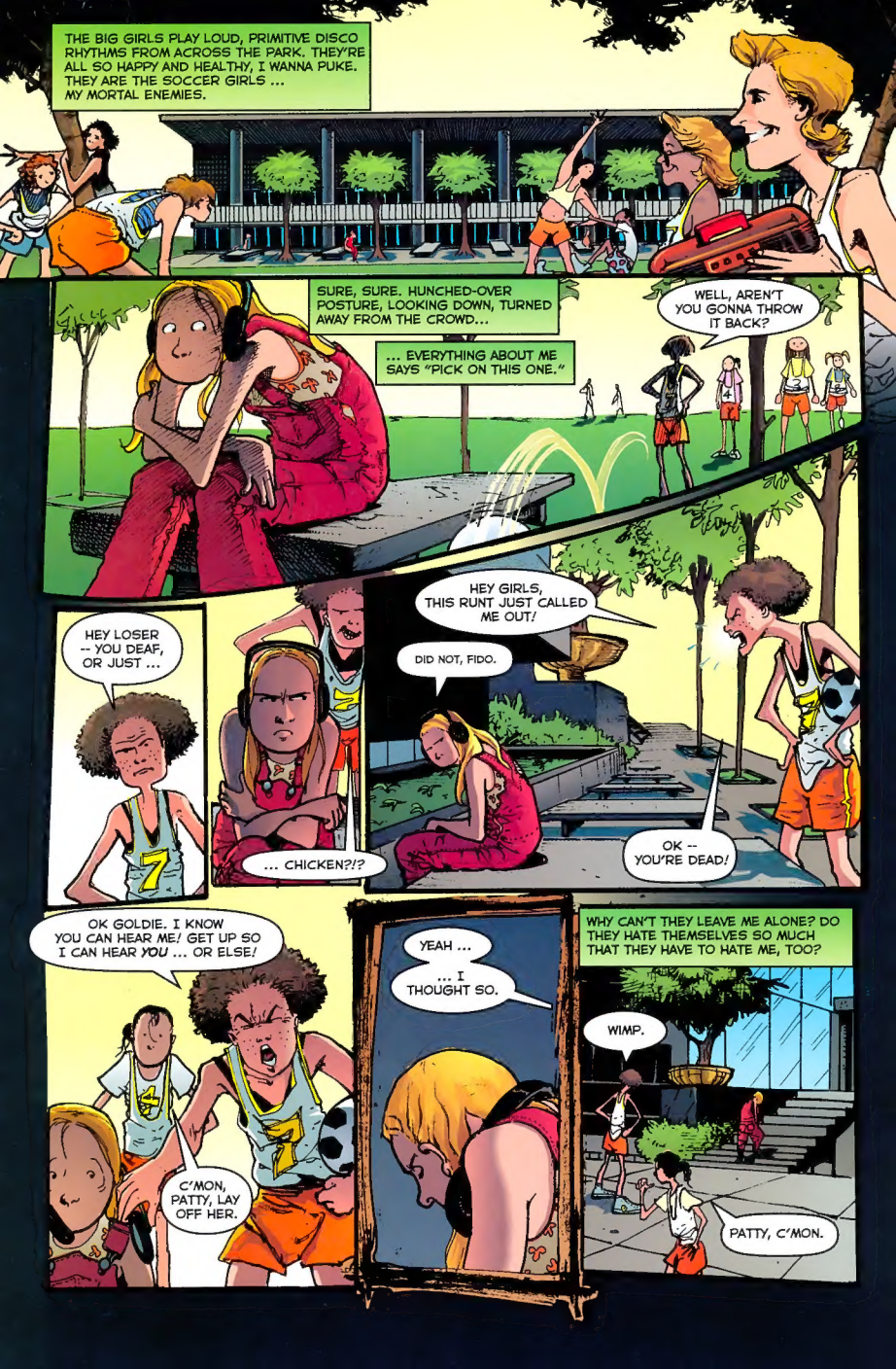
GONE?!? YOU TRUST HIM AFTER WHAT HE DID TO SARA, LETTING HER DISAPPEAR INTO HER OWN OUTBACK?
YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA? ONCE AGAIN WE'RE UP TO OUR BUTTS IN SUPERNATURAL CRAP. IF GONE MEANT WHAT HE SAID ABOUT LOSING SARA ACCIDENTALLY, HERE'S HIS CHANCE TO FIND HER, SEND THIS BLIMPO IS BACK TO MY HEAD, AND PUT THINGS RIGHT.
FAIRY.
WHATEVER. LISTEN, DAVE -- I'M GONNA TELL YOU SOMETHING I'VE NEVER TOLD ANYBODY -- NOT MARK OR SARA -- NOBODY. I KNEW THE GIRL PRETTY WELL, AND I DON'T THINK SHE'D MIND IF I TOLD YOU.
OK.
HER NAME WAS MEGAN. SHE WAS A SKINNY GIRL, AROUND 14 OR SO, LIVING WITH HER GRANDPARENTS.
JULIE, WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO WITH A GIANT FAIR-- UH, IS?


KALAMAZOO
YOU GOT SOMETHING BETTER TO DO WHILE WE WAIT FOR GONE?
THIS STORY IS ABOUT SOMETHING, BUT I'M NOT SURE WHAT. YET.
I THINK IT'S ABOUT FITTING IN. I'M NOT EXACTLY YOUR TYPICAL TEENAGE GIRL. I'M A SKINNY TOMBOY, LOVE OLD FASHIONED MUSIC, AND HAVE WEIRD THOUGHTS.
I'M NOT SURE I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO ALL THIS GROWING UP CRAP.
PUBERTY IS BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE SOME SORT OF DISEASE.
MEGAN, ARE YOU LISTENING?
UH HUH.
I'M NOT GOING TO KEEP GIVING YOU A LIFT TO THE LIBRARY IF YOU DON'T STOP UPSETTING YOUR GRANNY! IGNORING HER PHONE CALLS IS GONNA KILL HER ONE DAY! IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?!?
WELL, IS IT?!?
THUMP THUMP THUMP
UH HUH.
THAT'S MY GIRL.
I CAN'T HEAR GRAMPS...
... BUT WHEN HE'S PUNCHING HIS HAND, "UH HUH" USUALLY COVERS IT.
HEH. YOU KIDS AND YOUR MUSIC TODAY.
DOES HE KNOW I'M LISTENING TO MUSIC FROM THE 1940'S?
DOES HE EVEN ASK?
NOW REMEMBER, MEGAN --
YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW. "STAY DOWNSTAIRS SO I CAN SEE IF GRANNY'S CALLING ON THE PAY PHONE OUTSIDE." DO YOU HAVE TO TELL ME *EVERY* TIME?

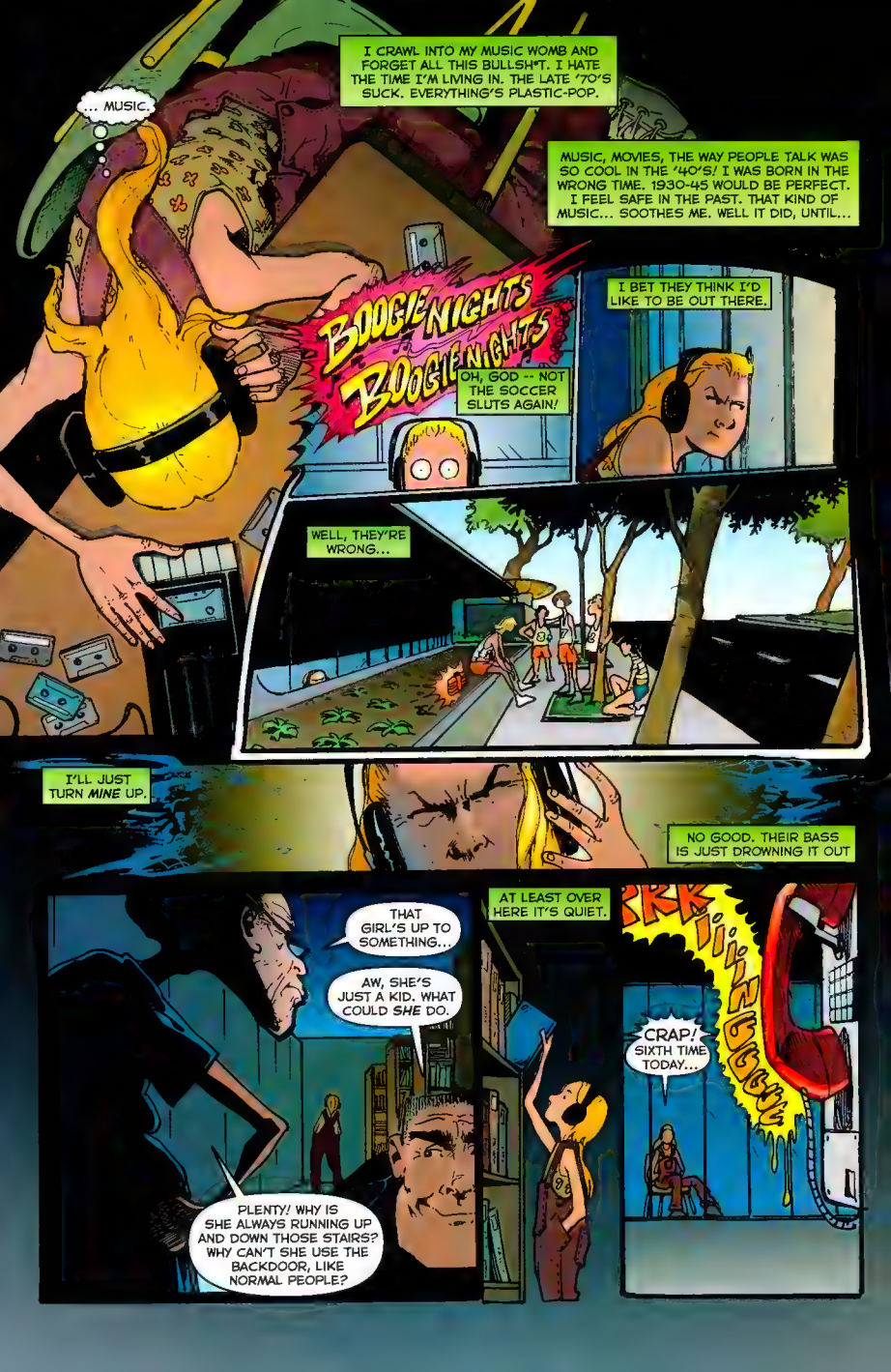

GRANNY CALLS AT LEAST 12 TIMES A DAY AND OVERWHELMS ME WITH POINTLESS QUESTIONS THAT ANYONE COULD ANSWER. TO HER AND GRAMPS, THIS SEEMS NORMAL. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO JUMP WHEN SHE CALLS, AND WE ALL TAKE CARE OF HER, BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER.
IF ANYTHING.
I KNOW YOU THINK I'M AN OLD FOGEY, BUT I LOVE YOU, MEGAN.
OK, OK GEEZ. TELL THE WORLD.
OH GOD!
BRRRINGG
WELL -- THAT'S PROBABLY HER NOW!
GO ON -- ANSWER IT.
I WILL, I PROMISE. JUST GO ON TO WORK.
SHE'S WAITING.
ALRIGHT, ALREADY!
HULLO. YEAH, HI GRANNY. YEAH YEAH, I KNOW IT KEPT RINGING, BUT WE JUST GOT HERE -- NO, HE'S LEFT...
YAK YAK YAK NAG NAG NAG YAK NAG BLAH BLAH BLAH YADDA YADDA YADDA GUILT GUILT GUILT
YES, GRANNY. GOODBYE.
THERE'S THE EVIL DOOR. I VOWED NEVER TO PASS THROUGH IT SINCE "THE EVENT" OF 1973. I WAS 11.
I MUST USE THE UPSTAIRS ENTRANCE TO GO INSIDE.
RETREAT, EVIL DOOR! BACK!!
ONCE INSIDE, I GO DOWNSTAIRS WHERE IT'S SAFE AND COOL.
I WON'T EVEN GO INTO IT. TRUST ME -- I HAVE MY REASONS.
OH CRAP! LATE FOR CLASS!
AND SINCE THE EVIL DOOR BLOCKS MY WAY, I HAVE TO REVERSE IT ALL TO GET TO GRANNY'S PHONE!

I HATE THE OUTSIDE. TOO MUCH NOISE, FRESH AIR, AND DISTRACTION.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BIG DEAL IS ABOUT GROWING UP. ALL ADULTS I KNOW ARE IDIOTS. AT LEAST I CAN *FEEL* STUFF.
WHEN PEOPLE GET OLDER, I THINK SOMETHING IN THEM DIES. WHY ELSE ARE ADULTS SO CONDESCENDING TO TEENAGERS?
I LIKE THE DOWNSTAIRS LIBRARY, WHICH IS COOL, DARK AND MOULDY. I HIDE AND LISTEN TO MY '40'S MUSIC. NOTHING EVER CHANGES IN THE LIBRARY. IT'S GREAT.
GRAMPS MAKES ME TAKE THIS HEALTH CLASS AT THE LIBRARY.
IT'S TORTURE.
BUT IT'S NOT A *JOKE*, OR A *PHASE*... IT'S *REAL!!* WHY CAN'T ADULTS SEE THAT?
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU? ON YOUR MARK, GET SET, *GROW!!!* YOU'RE GOING THROUGH PUBERTY!
MY GOD, SHE THINKS WE'RE 9 YEARS OLD.
DEODORANTS.
CRUSHES.
TRAINING BRAS.
DATING.
PUBIC HAIR!
IT'S ALL A NORMAL, HEALTHY PART OF THE PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL CHANGES THAT AWAIT YOU ON YOUR SPECIAL JOURNEY TO WOMANHOOD!

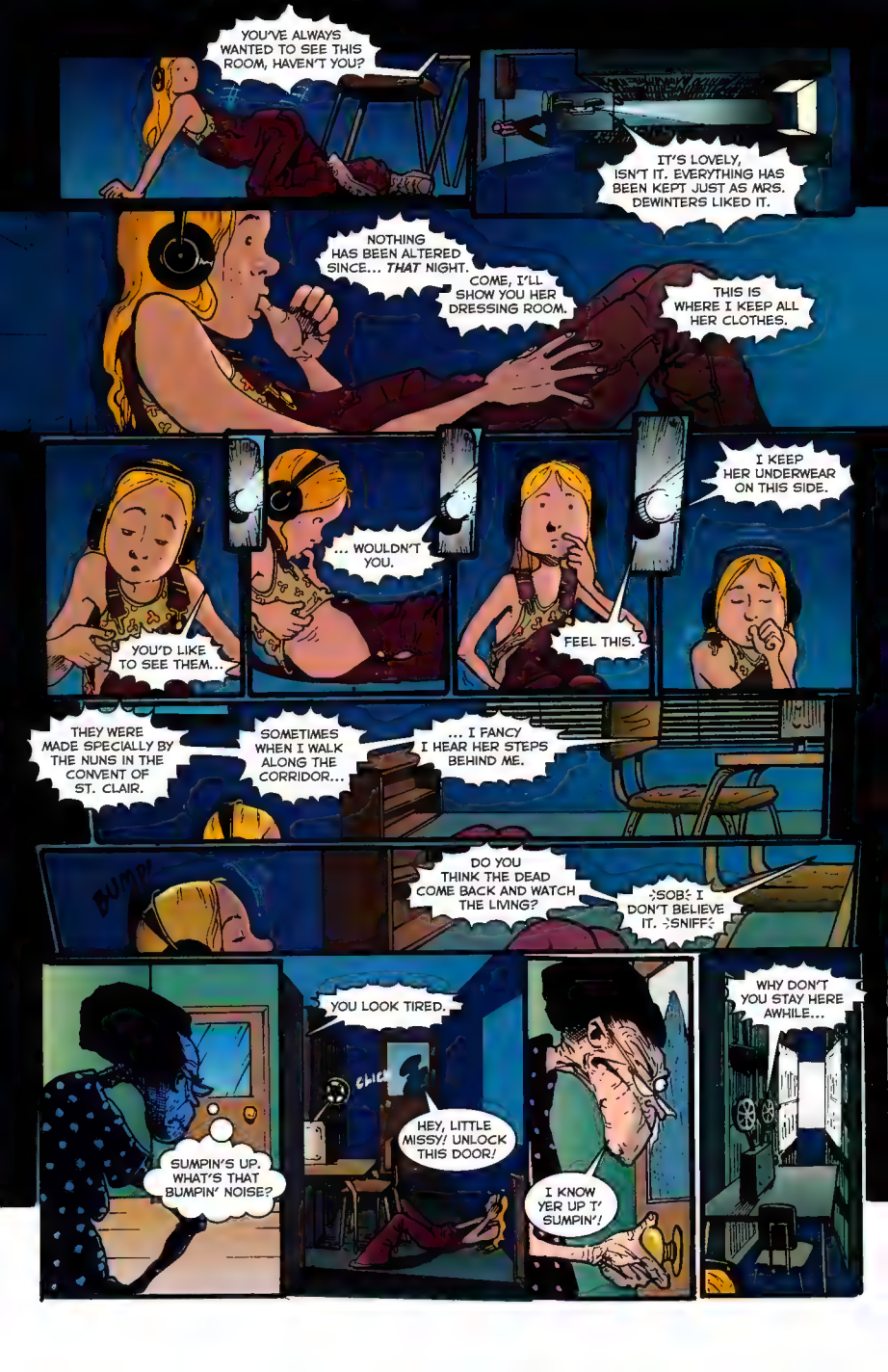
OK, LET'S SAY HELLO TO MS. TAMPON.
HELLO, MISS TAMPON.
SHUT UP, SALLY!
YOU SHUT UP!
GIRLS, SETTLE DOWN!
THIS IS EMBARRASSING AND PATHETIC FOR EVERYONE. I GOTTA BAIL. IT'S THE ONLY HUMANE THING TO DO.
HEY, TEACHER -- CAN I GO TO THE BATHROOM?
OK, MEGAN, BUT DON'T RUN OFF LIKE LAST TIME.
THESE CLASSES ARE RUINING THE LIBRARY AS MY HAVEN. I DON'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT BOOBS AND CRAMPS -- I JUST WANT TO LISTEN TO OLD-FASHIONED MUSIC AND ...
...ESCAPE.
:SIGH: EVERY TIME I GO UPSTAIRS, I HAVE TO WALK BY THIS ...
...CRAZY LADY...
... THAT MUMBLES TO HERSELF.
KIWI, KIWI...
SHE ALWAYS CREEPS ME OUT! I'M ALWAYS SURE SHE'S GONNA BITE MY LEG OR SOMETHING.
I NORMALLY HATE IT OUTSIDE, BUT ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN PUBERTY 101.


THE BIG GIRLS PLAY LOUD, PRIMITIVE DISCO RHYTHMS FROM ACROSS THE PARK. THEY'RE ALL SO HAPPY AND HEALTHY, I WANNA PUKE. THEY ARE THE SOCCER GIRLS ... MY MORTAL ENEMIES.
SURE, SURE. HUNCHED-OVER POSTURE, LOOKING DOWN, TURNED AWAY FROM THE CROWD...
... EVERYTHING ABOUT ME SAYS "PICK ON THIS ONE."
WELL, AREN'T YOU GONNA THROW IT BACK?
HEY LOSER -- YOU DEAF, OR JUST ...
... CHICKEN?!?
HEY GIRLS, THIS RUNT JUST CALLED ME OUT!
DID NOT, FIDO.
OK -- YOU'RE DEAD!
OK GOLDIE. I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME! GET UP SO I CAN HEAR YOU ... OR ELSE!
C'MON, PATTY, LAY OFF HER.
YEAH ...
... I THOUGHT SO.
WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE? DO THEY HATE THEMSELVES SO MUCH THAT THEY HAVE TO HATE ME, TOO?
WIMP.
PATTY, C'MON.

I DON'T KNOW WHY BOYS TEAM UP AND PULL THAT "HEY, GIRL, MY FRIEND LIKES YOU" CRAP. TWO LITTLE PUNKS LIKE THIS SHOULDN'T BOTHER ME. I'M BIGGER 'N STRONGER THAN BOTH OF THEM, BUT WHEN THEY RAZZ ME, I WON'T STAND UP TO THEM.
C'MON YOU TWERPS -- JUST DO IT. GET IT OVER WITH.
WWOOOSH
HEY! NOT MY HOMEWORK!
OH GREAT -- NOT THE EVIL DOOR AGAIN.
TAP TAP TAP TAP
HA HA HA...
WHATSAMATTER, BITCH? SCARED?
OK, PRIMATES! GIVE IT BACK!!!
♪MEG-AN'S AFRAID..♪
DAYS LIKE THIS, MY ONLY ESCAPE IS...

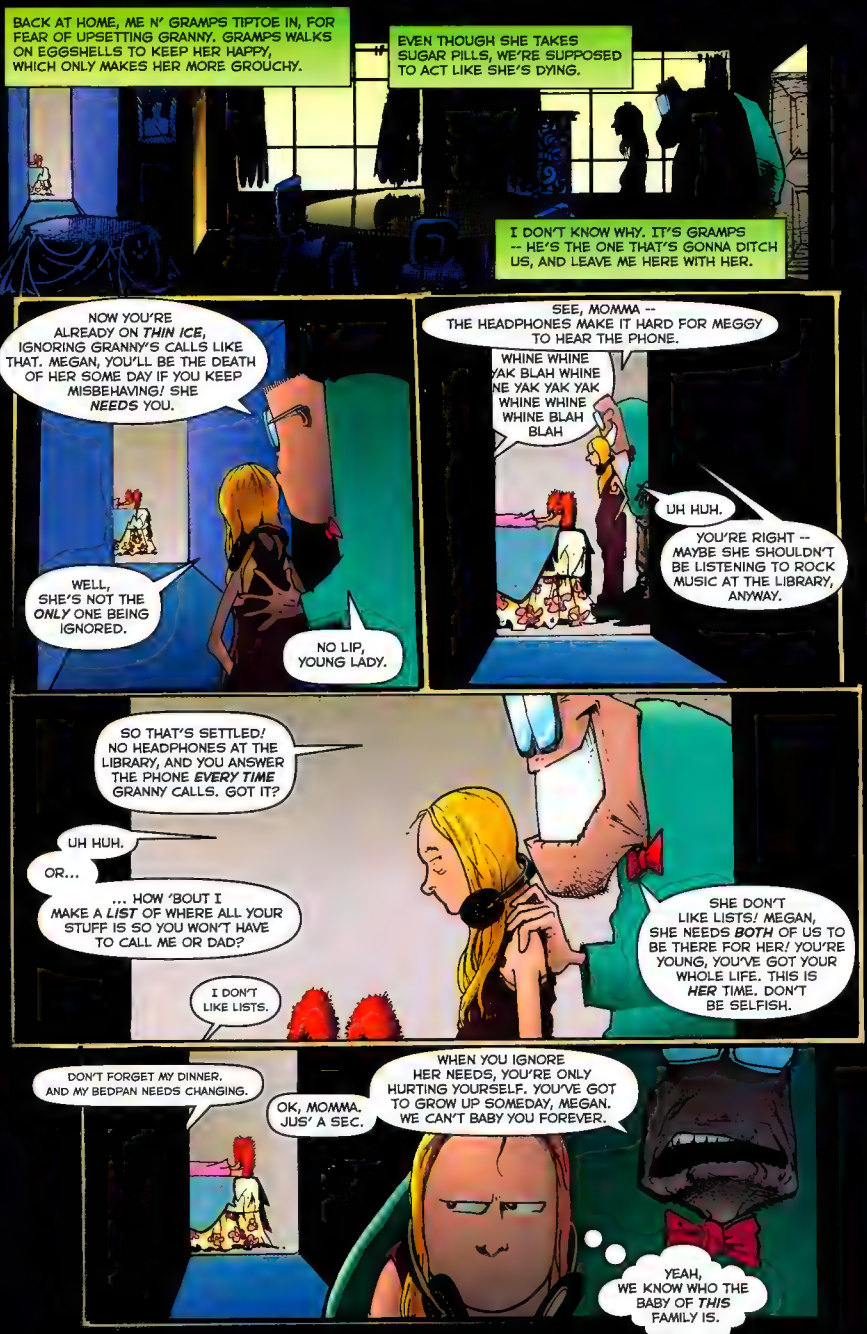

... MUSIC.
I CRAWL INTO MY MUSIC WOMB AND FORGET ALL THIS BULLSH*T. I HATE THE TIME I'M LIVING IN. THE LATE '70'S SUCK. EVERYTHING'S PLASTIC-POP.
MUSIC, MOVIES, THE WAY PEOPLE TALK WAS SO COOL IN THE '40'S! I WAS BORN IN THE WRONG TIME. 1930-45 WOULD BE PERFECT. I FEEL SAFE IN THE PAST. THAT KIND OF MUSIC... SOOTHES ME. WELL IT DID, UNTIL...
BOOGIE NIGHTS
BOOGIE NIGHTS
OH, GOD -- NOT THE SOCCER SLUTS AGAIN!
I BET THEY THINK I'D LIKE TO BE OUT THERE.
WELL, THEY'RE WRONG...
I'LL JUST TURN MINE UP.
NO GOOD. THEIR BASS IS JUST DROWNING IT OUT
AT LEAST OVER HERE IT'S QUIET.
THAT GIRL'S UP TO SOMETHING...
AW, SHE'S JUST A KID. WHAT COULD SHE DO.
PLENTY! WHY IS SHE ALWAYS RUNNING UP AND DOWN THOSE STAIRS? WHY CAN'T SHE USE THE BACKDOOR, LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE?
SKRK
CRAP! SIXTH TIME TODAY...

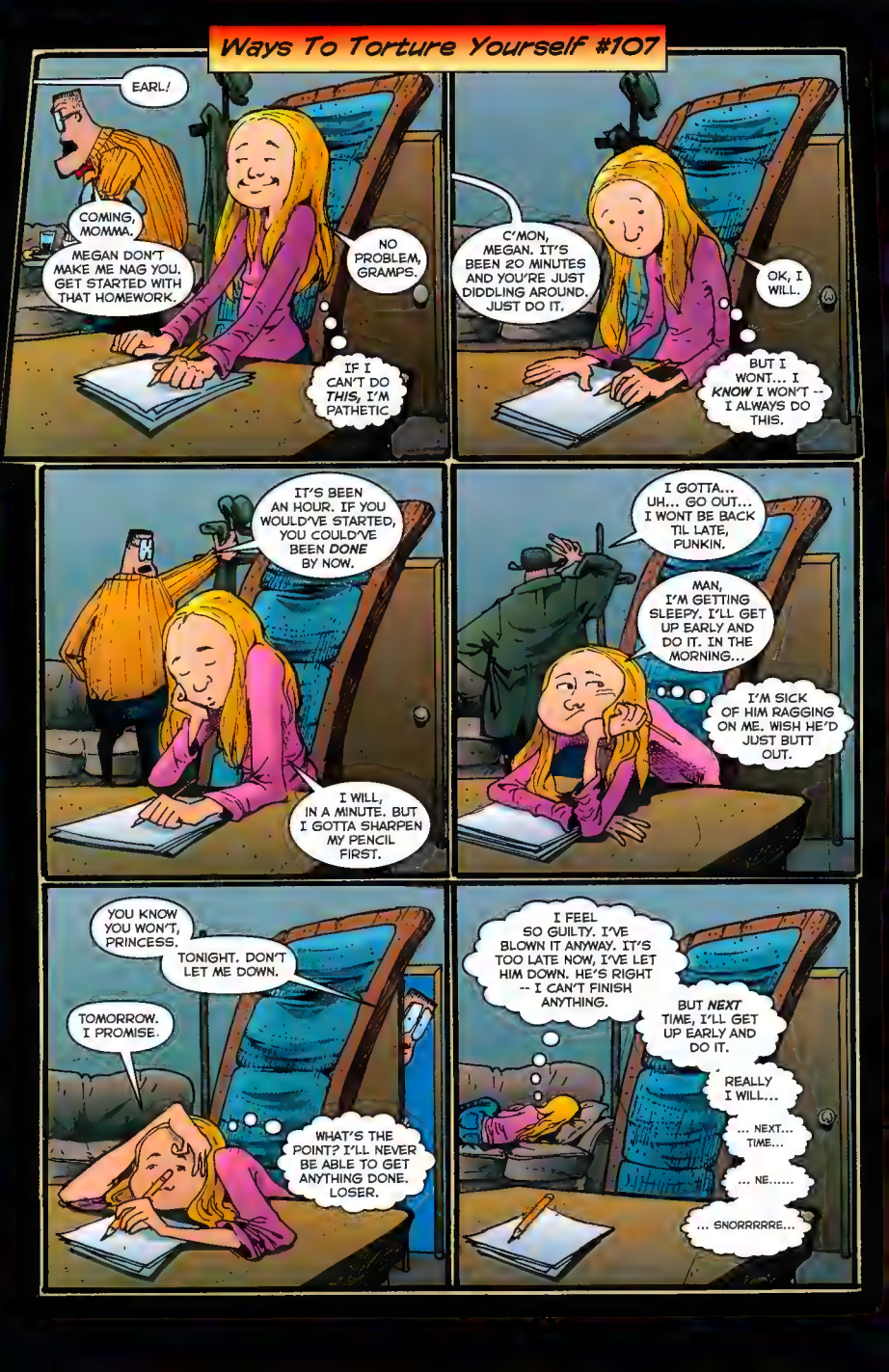
THE EVIL SOCCER GIRL MOCKS ME.
LOOK AT 'EM RUNNING AROUND, LAUGHING, HAVING FUN, GIGGLING LIKE IDIOTS. HORMONES HAVE TURNED THEIR BRAINS TO PUDDING. THEY'RE ACTING LIKE ANIMALS. DISGUSTING.
I'M TOO SKINNY TO EVER GROW UP AND BE LIKE THEM, ANYWAY.
THE LIBRARY LETS ME WATCH OLD MOVIES IN THE BACK HERE. I'VE BECOME HOOKED ON THIS ONE ABOUT A YOUNG GIRL...
... WHO LETS HER HUSBAND, MAXIM, TREAT HER LIKE A CHILD.
WHY? I THINK SHE WANTS TO BE AN ADULT, BUT SHE'S SCARED.
SEE, MAXIM'S FIRST WIFE, REBECCA, IS SOMEONE A GIRL COULD NEVER LIVE UP TO.
THE NEW WIFE THINKS MAXIM'S STILL IN LOVE WITH REBECCA ...
... SO SHE STAYS A CHILD ...
.. AFRAID TO COMPETE.
MY FAVORITE PART IS WHERE THE EVIL MRS. DANVERS GETS HER TO FEEL REBECCA'S UNDERWEAR.
NOT THAT I'M INTO THAT OR NOTHING.
IT'S JUST SO WEIRD FOR AN OLD MOVIE.


YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THIS ROOM, HAVEN'T YOU?
IT'S LOVELY, ISN'T IT. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN KEPT JUST AS MRS. DEWINTERS LIKED IT.
NOTHING HAS BEEN ALTERED SINCE... THAT NIGHT.
COME, I'LL SHOW YOU HER DRESSING ROOM.
THIS IS WHERE I KEEP ALL HER CLOTHES.
I KEEP HER UNDERWEAR ON THIS SIDE.
... WOULDN'T YOU.
YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THEM...
FEEL THIS.
THEY WERE MADE SPECIALLY BY THE NUNS IN THE CONVENT OF ST. CLAIR.
SOMETIMES WHEN I WALK ALONG THE CORRIDOR...
... I FANCY I HEAR HER STEPS BEHIND ME.
BUMP!
DO YOU THINK THE DEAD COME BACK AND WATCH THE LIVING?
:SOB: I DON'T BELIEVE IT. :SNIFF:
SUMPIN'S UP. WHAT'S THAT BUMPIN' NOISE?
YOU LOOK TIRED.
CLICK
HEY, LITTLE MISSY! UNLOCK THIS DOOR!
I KNOW YER UP T' SUMPIN'!
WHY DON'T YOU STAY HERE AWHILE...

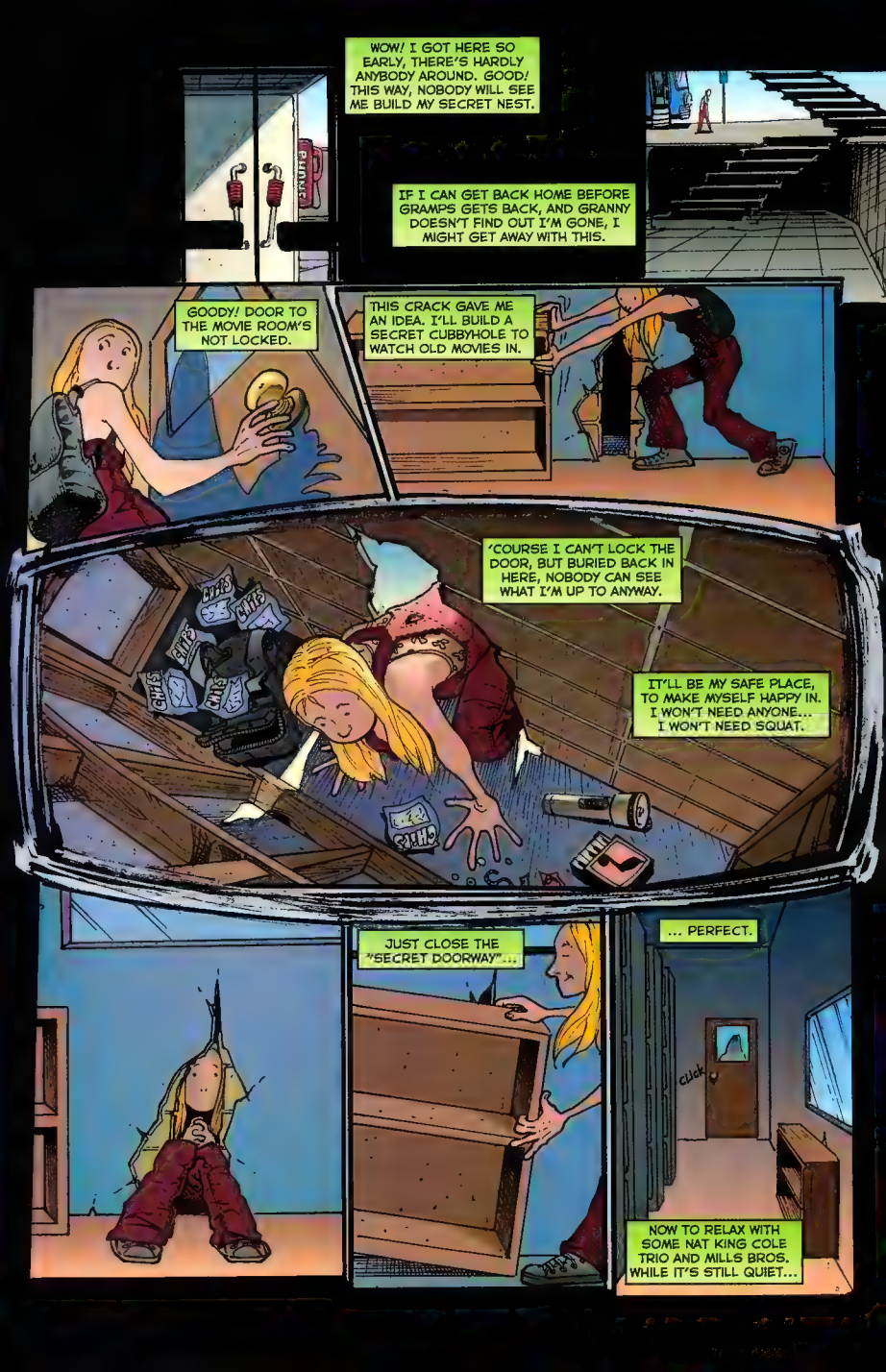
CAN YOU HEAR ME?!? OPEN UP!
... AND REST...
CRASH!
... LISTEN TO THE SEA...
GREAT! I BROKE THE WALL! HEY -- LOOKEE BACK HERE! WHAT A COOL LITTLE PLACE TO HIDE!
HMm. THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA. LET ME GET THESE HEADPHONES OFF.
IF YOU DON'T UNLOCK THE DOOR THIS INSTANT...
BIG BAD BANG
OH GOD!
BANG BANG BANG
... I'LL GET THE SECURITY GUARD!
CAN'T BREATHE!
AND I CAN'T BUTTON FAST ENOUGH!
... COMING! I JUST... SORRY...
OK, PROJECTOR OFF. OH CRAP! THE WALL!! THINK, THINK...
WHEW! LOOKS OK.
I'M COMING!
IF SECURITY HAS TO UNLOCK THIS DOOR...
NO, WAIT! I JUST HAVE TO OPEN THE...

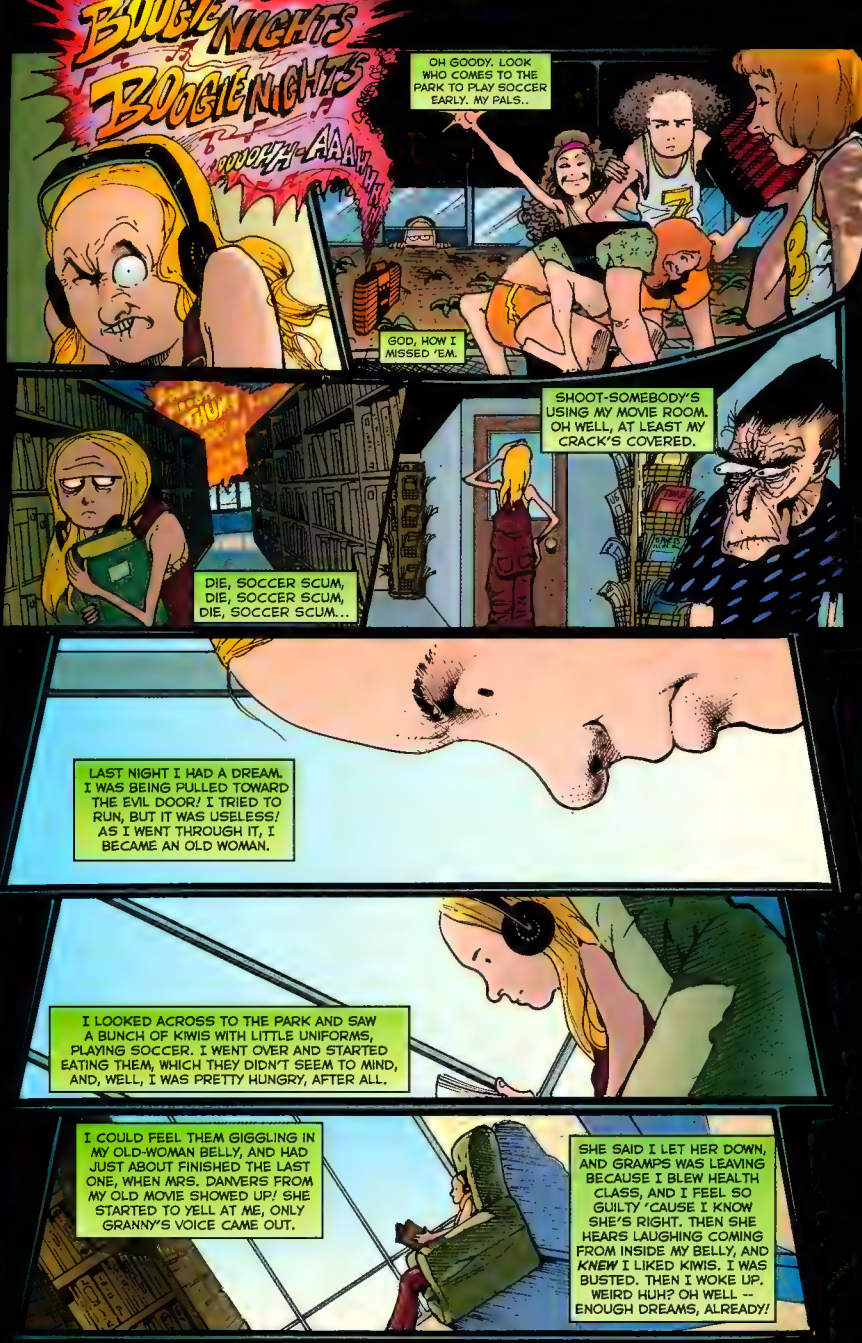
...SHADES...
OK, MISSY! IF I KNEW WHO YOUR PARENTS WERE, I'D CALL 'EM RIGHT NOW!!! AND IF I EVER CATCH YOU LOCKIN' THIS DOOR AGAIN...
... YER BANNED FROM THE LIBRARY!!!!
OK, OK, OK...
AND QUIT TYIN' UP THAT PHONE, TALKIN' TO YER BOYFRIENDS!!!!!!
RING RING RING RING RING
SHE'S YELLING IN PUBLIC! TOTAL HUMILIATION!!!
OH GOD -- EVERYONE'S STARING AT ME.
OK, IF THERE WAS ANYONE AROUND, THEY'D BE STARING AT ME.
HEY! THE PHONE'S THAT WAY!
NOT FOR ME.
CRAZY LADY, CRAZY LADY.
IT STOPPED. THANK GOD SHE GAVE UP.
17 RINGS, NUMBNUT.
KIWI, KIWI.
HONK!
BUSTED.
MY SHAME IS COMPLETE. I'M JUST LIKE THE GIRL IN THE MOVIE...
... ONLY GRAMPS IS MAXIM, THE EVIL LIBRARIAN IS MRS. DANVERS, AND GRANNY IS THE GHOST OF REBECCA, WHO HAUNTS ME. :SIGH:

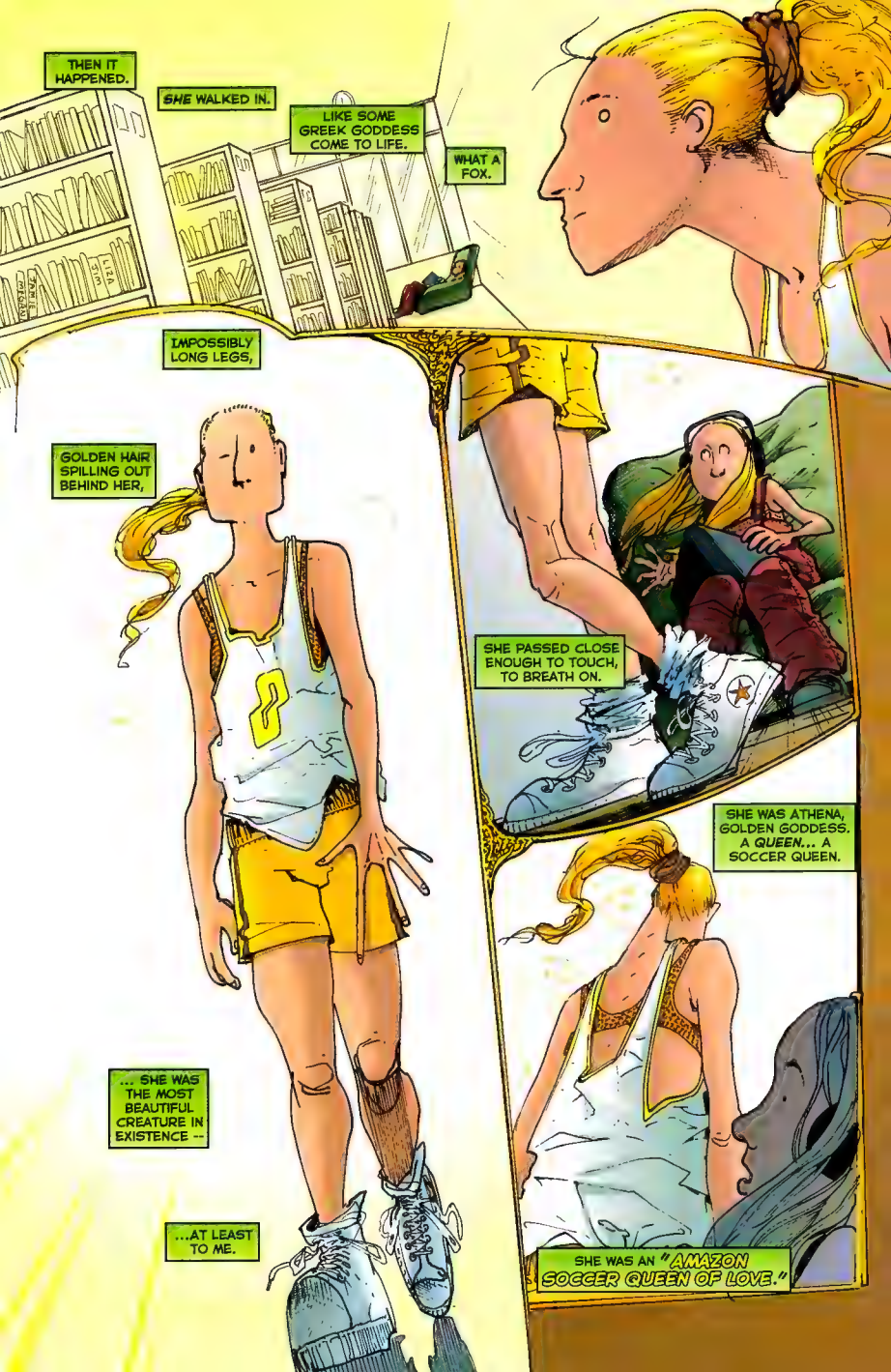

BACK AT HOME, ME N' GRAMPS TIPTOE IN, FOR FEAR OF UPSETTING GRANNY. GRAMPS WALKS ON EGGSHELLS TO KEEP HER HAPPY, WHICH ONLY MAKES HER MORE GROUCHY.
EVEN THOUGH SHE TAKES SUGAR PILLS, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO ACT LIKE SHE'S DYING.
I DON'T KNOW WHY. IT'S GRAMPS -- HE'S THE ONE THAT'S GONNA DITCH US, AND LEAVE ME HERE WITH HER.
NOW YOU'RE ALREADY ON *THIN ICE*, IGNORING GRANNY'S CALLS LIKE THAT. MEGAN, YOU'LL BE THE DEATH OF HER SOME DAY IF YOU KEEP MISBEHAVING! SHE *NEEDS* YOU.
WELL, SHE'S NOT THE *ONLY* ONE BEING IGNORED.
NO LIP, YOUNG LADY.
SEE, MOMMA -- THE HEADPHONES MAKE IT HARD FOR MEGGY TO HEAR THE PHONE.
WHINE WHINE YAK BLAH WHINE NE YAK YAK YAK WHINE WHINE WHINE BLAH BLAH
UH HUH.
YOU'RE RIGHT -- MAYBE SHE SHOULDN'T BE LISTENING TO ROCK MUSIC AT THE LIBRARY, ANYWAY.
SO THAT'S SETTLED! NO HEADPHONES AT THE LIBRARY, AND YOU ANSWER THE PHONE *EVERY TIME* GRANNY CALLS. GOT IT?
UH HUH.
OR...
... HOW 'BOUT I MAKE A *LIST* OF WHERE ALL YOUR STUFF IS SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO CALL ME OR DAD?
I DON'T LIKE LISTS.
SHE DON'T LIKE LISTS! MEGAN, SHE NEEDS *BOTH* OF US TO BE THERE FOR HER! YOU'RE YOUNG, YOU'VE GOT YOUR WHOLE LIFE. THIS IS *HER* TIME. DON'T BE SELFISH.
DON'T FORGET MY DINNER. AND MY BEDPAN NEEDS CHANGING.
OK, MOMMA. JUS' A SEC.
WHEN YOU IGNORE HER NEEDS, YOU'RE ONLY HURTING YOURSELF. YOU'VE GOT TO GROW UP SOMEDAY, MEGAN. WE CAN'T BABY YOU FOREVER.
YEAH, WE KNOW WHO THE BABY OF *THIS* FAMILY IS.

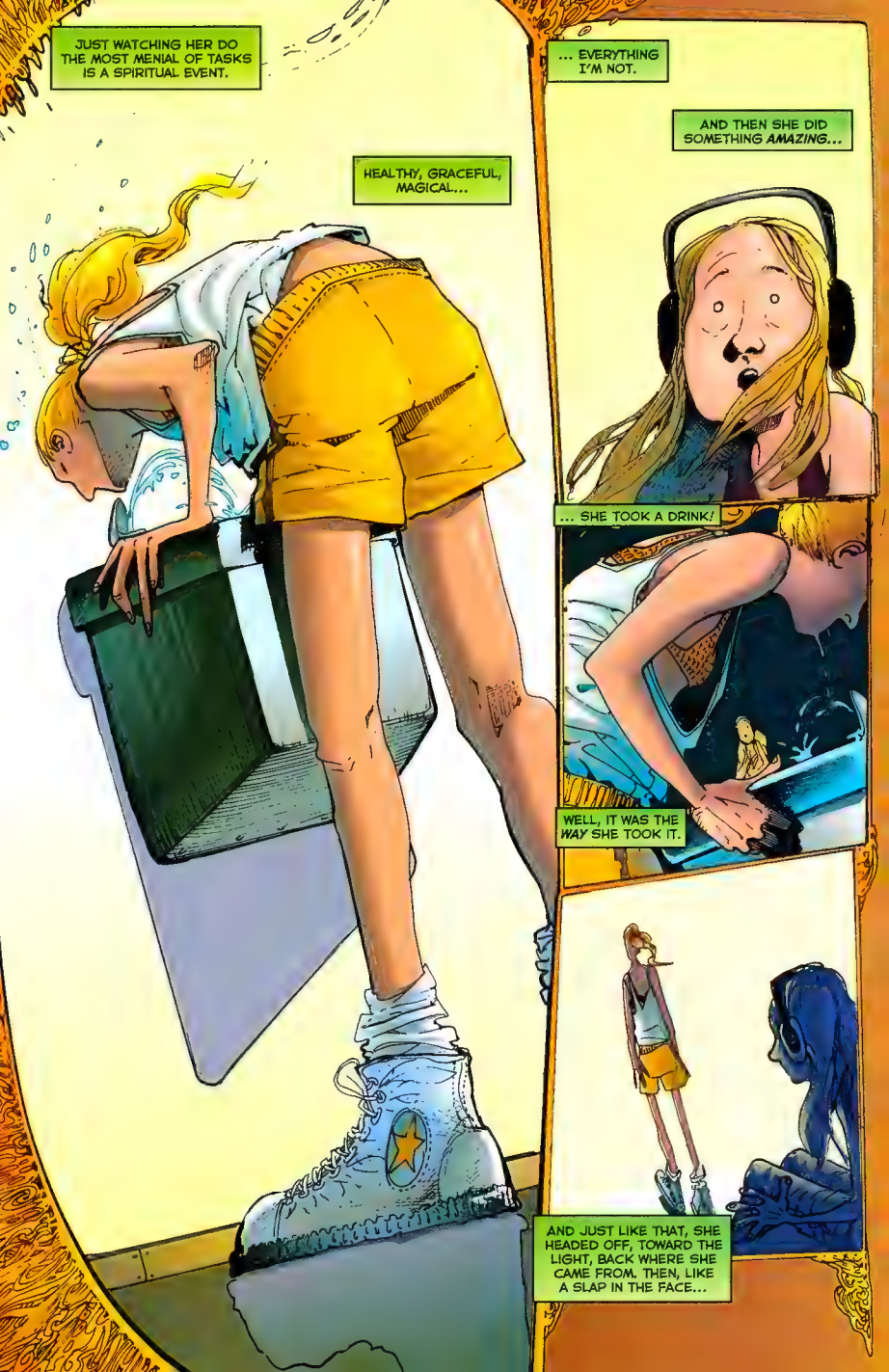

Ways To Torture Yourself #107
EARL!
COMING, MOMMA.
MEGAN DON'T MAKE ME NAG YOU. GET STARTED WITH THAT HOMEWORK.
NO PROBLEM, GRAMPS.
IF I CAN'T DO THIS, I'M PATHETIC
C'MON, MEGAN. IT'S BEEN 20 MINUTES AND YOU'RE JUST DIDDLING AROUND. JUST DO IT.
OK, I WILL.
BUT I WONT... I KNOW I WON'T -- I ALWAYS DO THIS.
IT'S BEEN AN HOUR. IF YOU WOULD'VE STARTED, YOU COULD'VE BEEN DONE BY NOW.
I WILL, IN A MINUTE. BUT I GOTTA SHARPEN MY PENCIL FIRST.
I GOTTA... UH... GO OUT... I WONT BE BACK TIL LATE, PUNKIN.
MAN, I'M GETTING SLEEPY. I'LL GET UP EARLY AND DO IT. IN THE MORNING...
I'M SICK OF HIM RAGGING ON ME. WISH HE'D JUST BUTT OUT.
YOU KNOW YOU WON'T, PRINCESS.
TONIGHT. DON'T LET ME DOWN.
TOMORROW. I PROMISE.
WHAT'S THE POINT? I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET ANYTHING DONE. LOSER.
I FEEL SO GUILTY. I'VE BLOWN IT ANYWAY. IT'S TOO LATE NOW, I'VE LET HIM DOWN. HE'S RIGHT -- I CAN'T FINISH ANYTHING.
BUT NEXT TIME, I'LL GET UP EARLY AND DO IT.
REALLY I WILL...
... NEXT... TIME...
... NE.....
... SNORRRRRE...

Blaming Others #368
RISE 'N SHINE, PUNKIN.
C'MON, MEGAN -- DON'T FIGHT ME ON THIS. GET UP, AND FINISH YOUR HOMEWORK.
I KNOW YOU GET ANGRY WHEN I HAVE TO GO OUT, BUT I'VE GOT NO CHOICE. I KNOW YOU'RE AFRAID I'M GONNA LEAVE. BUT NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO ME UNTIL YOU'RE READY.
:YAWN: OK -- I'M JUST GONNA CATCH A FEW WINKS. :YAWN: THEN WE'LL GET UP.
WHY DOESN'T HE MAKE ME GET UP AND DO IT?
I PROMISE.
FINE! HE TALKS TO ME ALL NIGHT SO I CAN'T GET MY HOMEWORK DONE...
...THEN EXPECTS ME TO GET MYSELF UP! I CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO DO THAT. I'M JUST A KID.
YOU'RE GROUNDED FOR IGNORING GRANNY YEATERDAY.
BUT...
NO LIBRARY. STAY PUT -- I MEAN IT. DON'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE!!!
BUS STOP
YEAH... WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.

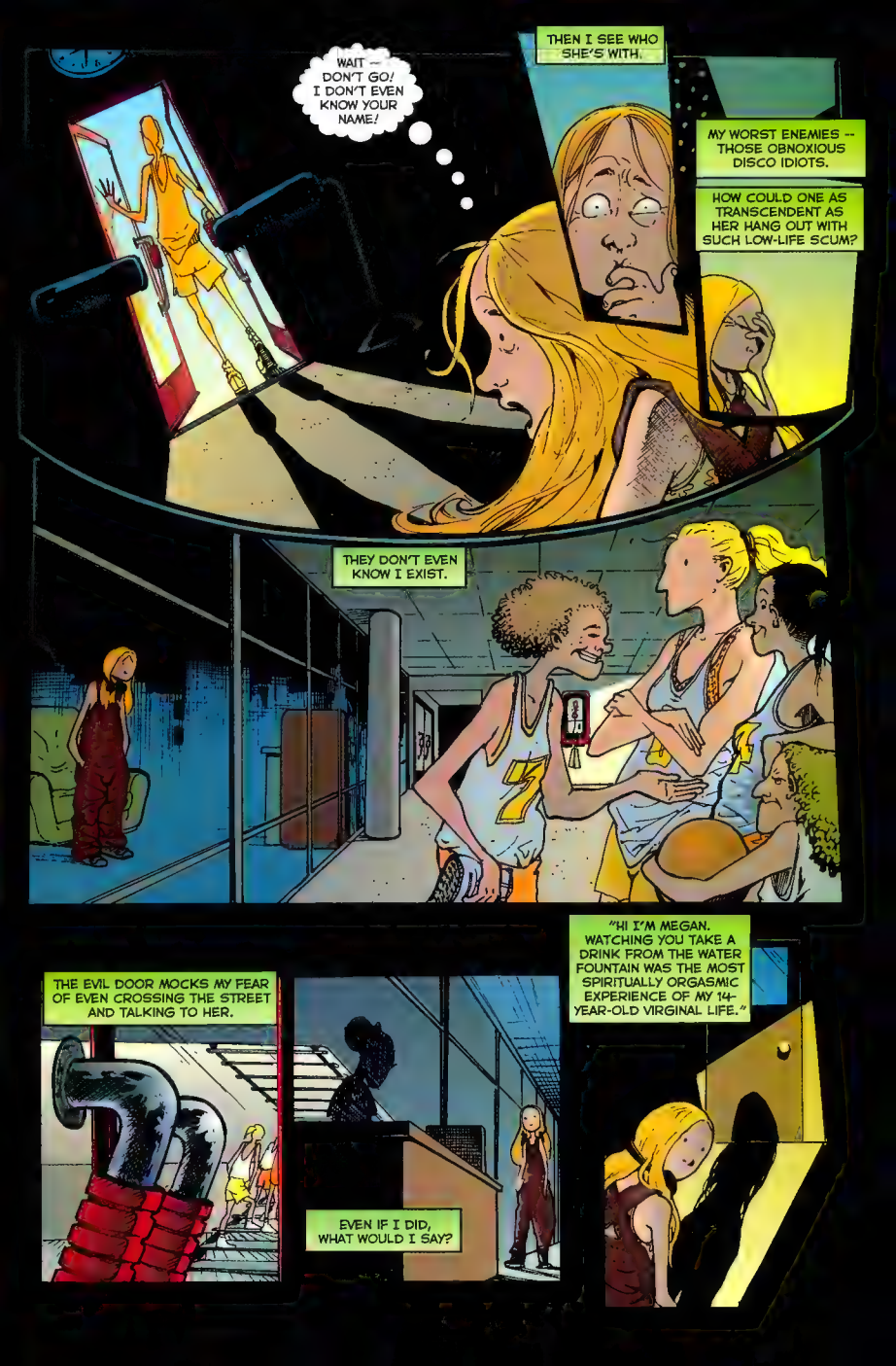

WOW! I GOT HERE SO EARLY, THERE'S HARDLY ANYBODY AROUND. GOOD! THIS WAY, NOBODY WILL SEE ME BUILD MY SECRET NEST.
IF I CAN GET BACK HOME BEFORE GRAMPS GETS BACK, AND GRANNY DOESN'T FIND OUT I'M GONE, I MIGHT GET AWAY WITH THIS.
GOODY! DOOR TO THE MOVIE ROOM'S NOT LOCKED.
THIS CRACK GAVE ME AN IDEA. I'LL BUILD A SECRET CUBBYHOLE TO WATCH OLD MOVIES IN.
'COURSE I CAN'T LOCK THE DOOR, BUT BURIED BACK IN HERE, NOBODY CAN SEE WHAT I'M UP TO ANYWAY.
IT'LL BE MY SAFE PLACE, TO MAKE MYSELF HAPPY IN. I WON'T NEED ANYONE... I WON'T NEED SQUAT.
JUST CLOSE THE "SECRET DOORWAY"...
... PERFECT.
click
NOW TO RELAX WITH SOME NAT KING COLE TRIO AND MILLS BROS. WHILE IT'S STILL QUIET...

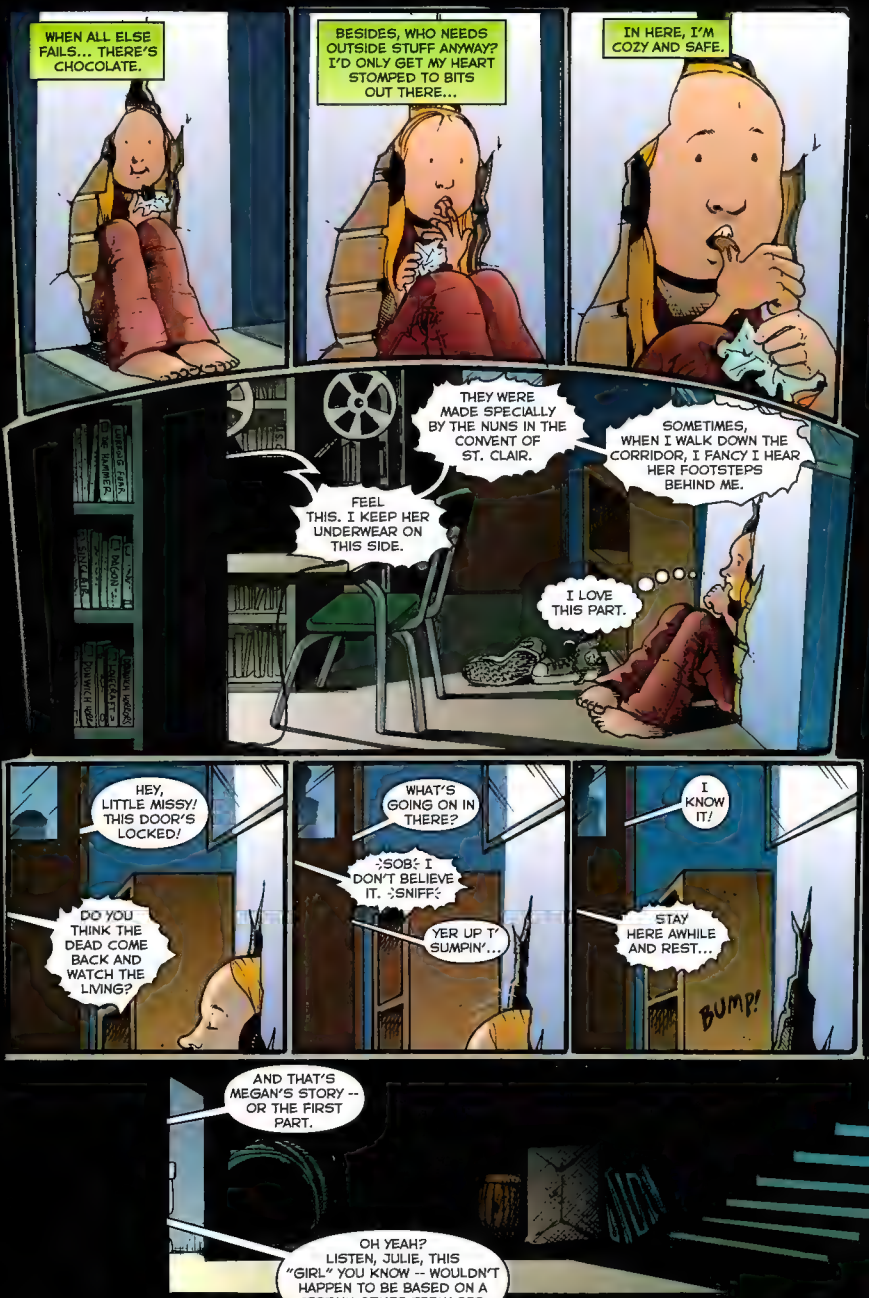

BOOGIE NIGHTS
BOOGIE NIGHTS
WHOOPTY-AAAH!
OH GOODY. LOOK WHO COMES TO THE PARK TO PLAY SOCCER EARLY. MY PALS..
GOD, HOW I MISSED 'EM.
SHOOT-SOMEBODY'S USING MY MOVIE ROOM. OH WELL, AT LEAST MY CRACK'S COVERED.
DIE, SOCCER SCUM, DIE, SOCCER SCUM, DIE, SOCCER SCUM...
LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM. I WAS BEING PULLED TOWARD THE EVIL DOOR! I TRIED TO RUN, BUT IT WAS USELESS! AS I WENT THROUGH IT, I BECAME AN OLD WOMAN.
I LOOKED ACROSS TO THE PARK AND SAW A BUNCH OF KIWIS WITH LITTLE UNIFORMS, PLAYING SOCCER. I WENT OVER AND STARTED EATING THEM, WHICH THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND, AND, WELL, I WAS PRETTY HUNGRY, AFTER ALL.
I COULD FEEL THEM GIGGLING IN MY OLD-WOMAN BELLY, AND HAD JUST ABOUT FINISHED THE LAST ONE, WHEN MRS. DANVERS FROM MY OLD MOVIE SHOWED UP! SHE STARTED TO YELL AT ME, ONLY GRANNY'S VOICE CAME OUT.
SHE SAID I LET HER DOWN, AND GRAMPS WAS LEAVING BECAUSE I BLEW HEALTH CLASS, AND I FEEL SO GUILTY 'CAUSE I KNOW SHE'S RIGHT. THEN SHE HEARS LAUGHING COMING FROM INSIDE MY BELLY, AND *KNEW* I LIKED KIWIS. I WAS BUSTED. THEN I WOKE UP. WEIRD HUH? OH WELL -- ENOUGH DREAMS, ALREADY!


THEN IT HAPPENED.
SHE WALKED IN.
LIKE SOME GREEK GODDESS COME TO LIFE.
WHAT A FOX.
IMPOSSIBLY LONG LEGS,
GOLDEN HAIR SPILLING OUT BEHIND HER,
SHE PASSED CLOSE ENOUGH TO TOUCH, TO BREATH ON.
SHE WAS ATHENA, GOLDEN GODDESS. A QUEEN... A SOCCER QUEEN.
... SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURE IN EXISTENCE --
...AT LEAST TO ME.
SHE WAS AN "AMAZON SOCCER QUEEN OF LOVE."

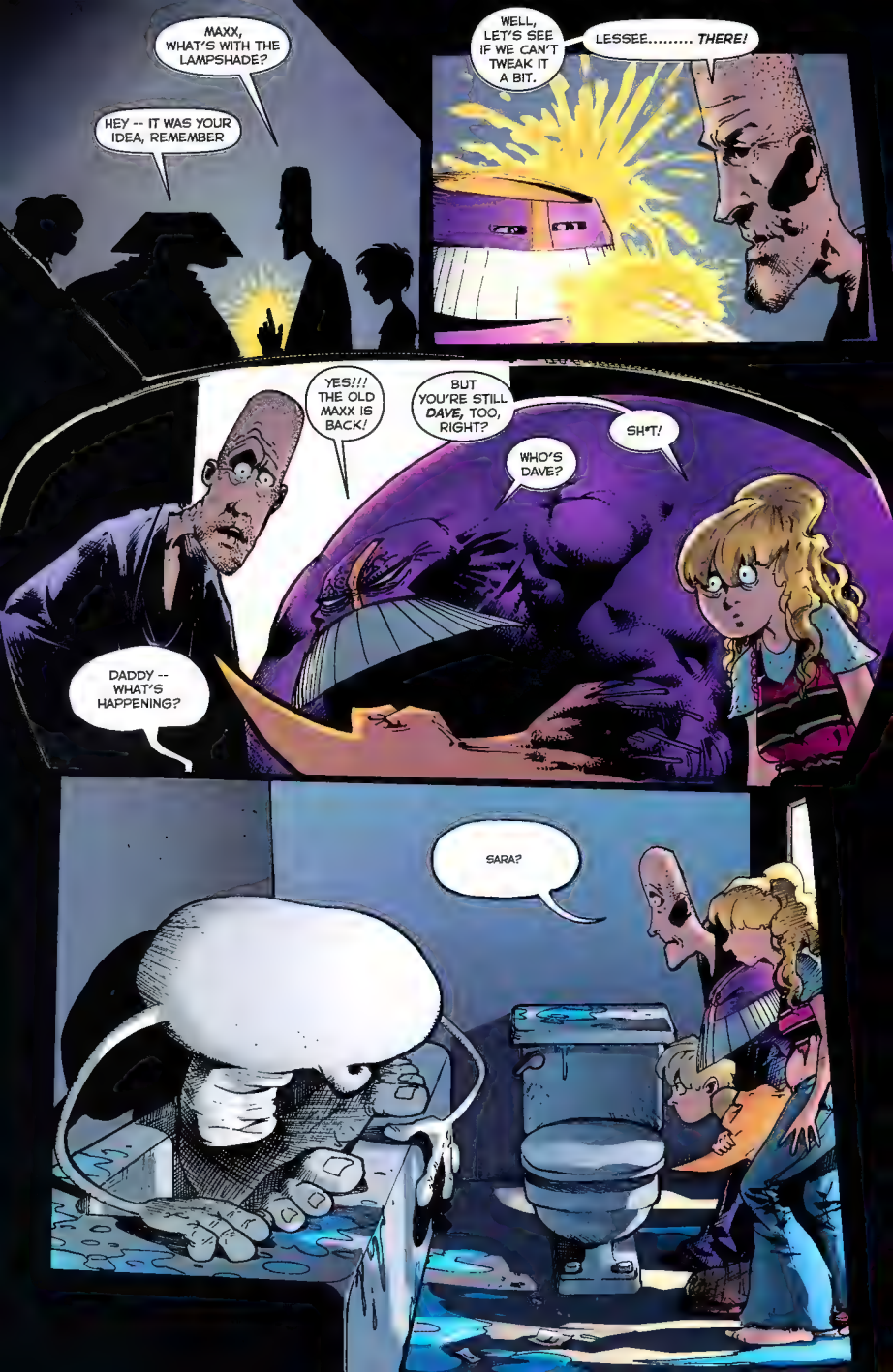

JUST WATCHING HER DO THE MOST MENIAL OF TASKS IS A SPIRITUAL EVENT.
HEALTHY, GRACEFUL, MAGICAL...
... EVERYTHING I'M NOT.
AND THEN SHE DID SOMETHING *AMAZING*...
... SHE TOOK A DRINK!
WELL, IT WAS THE *WAY* SHE TOOK IT.
AND JUST LIKE THAT, SHE HEADED OFF, TOWARD THE LIGHT, BACK WHERE SHE CAME FROM. THEN, LIKE A SLAP IN THE FACE...

IT HIT ME! MY MIND WENT BLANK AS I WONDERED WHY THIS SOCCER QUEEN HAD SUCH AN EFFECT ON ME.
FOR ONE THING, THIS GODDESS WAS MILES PAST THOSE BIMBOS IN THE PARK. SHE DIDN'T EVEN WEAR THE SAME UNIFORM -- SHE BELONGED TO SOME HIGHER RACE OF GOLDEN SOCCER WOMEN, WHO SURELY MUST LOVE '40'S MUSIC -- SHE WOULDN'T BE COOL IF SHE DIDN'T!
YEAH, SHE WAS BEYOND US MORTALS, FOR SURE.
OH GOD! WHAT IF SHE SAW ME -- GAWKING LIKE AN IDIOT AT HER? OH, GREAT! NOW SHE PROB'LY THINKS I'M SOME SORT OF PERVERT WHO'S STALKING HER!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
GEEZ -- I GOTTA GET A LIFE.
SOMEBODY LIKE HER MUST BE USED TO HAVING PEOPLE STARE AT HER IN AWE. SHE'S THAT AMAZING! SHE'D UNDERSTAND ME LOOKING -- I'M SURE SHE WOULD.


WAIT -- DON'T GO! I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME!
THEN I SEE WHO SHE'S WITH.
MY WORST ENEMIES -- THOSE OBNOXIOUS DISCO IDIOTS.
HOW COULD ONE AS TRANSCENDENT AS HER HANG OUT WITH SUCH LOW-LIFE SCUM?
THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST.
"HI I'M MEGAN. WATCHING YOU TAKE A DRINK FROM THE WATER FOUNTAIN WAS THE MOST SPIRITUALLY ORGASMIC EXPERIENCE OF MY 14-YEAR-OLD VIRGINAL LIFE."
THE EVIL DOOR MOCKS MY FEAR OF EVEN CROSSING THE STREET AND TALKING TO HER.
EVEN IF I DID, WHAT WOULD I SAY?


WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS... THERE'S CHOCOLATE.
BESIDES, WHO NEEDS OUTSIDE STUFF ANYWAY? I'D ONLY GET MY HEART STOMPED TO BITS OUT THERE...
IN HERE, I'M COZY AND SAFE.
THEY WERE MADE SPECIALLY BY THE NUNS IN THE CONVENT OF ST. CLAIR.
SOMETIMES, WHEN I WALK DOWN THE CORRIDOR, I FANCY I HEAR HER FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME.
FEEL THIS. I KEEP HER UNDERWEAR ON THIS SIDE.
I LOVE THIS PART.
HEY, LITTLE MISSY! THIS DOOR'S LOCKED!
DO YOU THINK THE DEAD COME BACK AND WATCH THE LIVING?
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?
:SOB: I DON'T BELIEVE IT. :SNIFF:
YER UP T' SUMPIN'...
I KNOW IT!
STAY HERE AWHILE AND REST...
BUMP!
AND THAT'S MEGAN'S STORY -- OR THE FIRST PART.
OH YEAH? LISTEN, JULIE, THIS "GIRL" YOU KNOW -- WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE BASED ON A CERTAIN *OTHER* TEENAGER, WOULD IT?

THIS GIRL LIVED WITH HER GRANDPARENTS, DAVE.
DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU SPENT A WHOLE SUMMER WITH YOUR GRANDPARENTS ONCE?
YOU'RE FISHIN'. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT *WHO* SHE IS -- IT'S IMPORTANT WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH.
OK, WHAT'RE YOU GOING THROUGH, "MEGAN"?
MAXX, I'M NOT --
'SCUSE ME, BUT I UNDERSTAND YOU CALLED.
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME. JULIE'S HEARING SARA'S VOICE IN --
SARA'S NO LONGER IN HER OUTBACK. AND SHE'S NOT WATER, EITHER. SHE HASN'T GOT A BODY TO RETURN TO. THE QUESTION IS: WHERE IS SHE?
THE WOMAN I BROUGHT IS HER ONLY CHANCE TO STRAIGHTEN IT ALL OUT. SHE'S WAITING OUTSIDE. I BELIEVE YOU KNOW HER AS...
HEY MOM, LOOK -- THE *FOOTBALL THING'S* WAKING UP!


MAXX, WHAT'S WITH THE LAMPSHADE?
HEY -- IT WAS YOUR IDEA, REMEMBER
WELL, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T TWEAK IT A BIT.
LESSEE..... THERE!
YES!!! THE OLD MAXX IS BACK!
BUT YOU'RE STILL DAVE, TOO, RIGHT?
WHO'S DAVE?
SH*T!
DADDY -- WHAT'S HAPPENING?
SARA?

Hoo-ha, we're cyberspaced now with an e-mail address that comes right to us, not to MTV. If you don't want to deal with snail mail, Maxx-e-mail us at skieth@webinfo.net. By the way, as I surf around, I see several Mxhd sites with lots of cool Maxx info that I myself had forgotten (or never knew). Anyone with a Maxx site who would like its address listed in *The Maxx* is welcome to send it in to us, and we'll publish it so other Heads may partake.

As you can see in this issue, we got lots of excellent b&w fan art, and, as always, many spine-tingling, thought-provoking letters. Keep 'em coming.

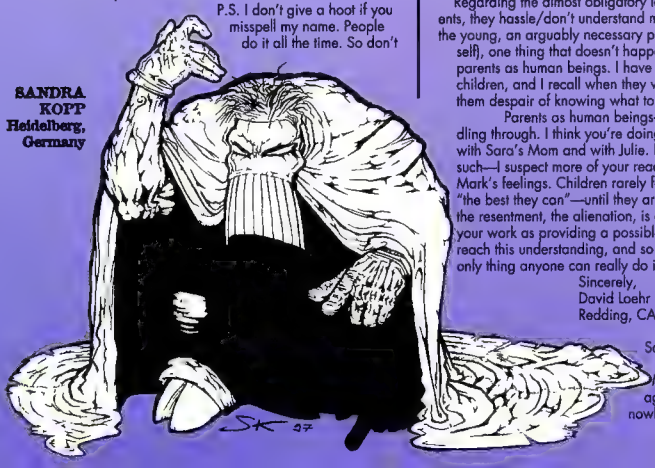
Powdered donuts?!!
Robert Pierce
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Dear Sam,
Sasa in the tap
Drinking up the warter,
Julie in the kitchen
Wondering what she aughter,
Gone in the basement
Working on a plan.
Dave is holding his
Face with his hands.
Mark the only sane man
In an insane land,
Tillis on some IV
In the ICU,
Steve running 'round town
Doesn't have a clue.
Russell Dickson
Maysville, KY

Howdy Sam,
I like the storyline of the last few comics of The Maxx. Alice in Wonderland is my favorite story. I can't wait to read your next one.
A new Maxxhead thanking you,
Margret Follmer
Winfield, KS

P.S. I don't give a hoot if you misspell my name. People do it all the time. So don't worry about it.
Nowadays it's like you're not part of the club unless I misspelled your name!

Say—feeling bored? Got a spare week to kill? Try counting all the typos in Friends of Maxx 2 and 3. (It's a long story...)

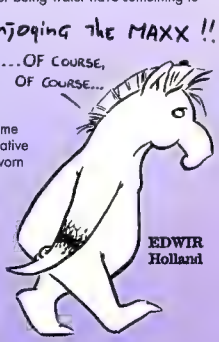


Dear Sam,
I just bought issue 29, and thought it was pretty cool. So Sara's water in a tap now, huh? Does her being water have something to do with flooding her outback? Can't wait to see where you're going with this.

I was reading issue 21 a while ago, when I noticed on Sara's radio that you used the name "Gurn Blansten" as some conservative Senator type guy. I could have sworn that I heard that name used in a Steve Martin sketch. Any coincidence?

Jake Eisenberger
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

P.S. If you print my letter/artwork, I don't care if you spell my name wrong, just as long as I can recognize it.
The "Gurn Blansten" thing was put in by Mike Heisler. And yes, that is where it came from. Good eye.



Dear Sam,
I read the letter column regularly, and find it fascinating as a profile of your readership (**uh-oh**). (Please take this as a compliment on the editing of the column!) Most recently, in issue 29, I see the letters bemoaning the people who write in calling themselves friendless nerds. More credit to Michael Spera for suggesting they get off their @$$ and do something about it, though I'm not convinced haranguing someone about low self esteem is the cure. But it's a good letter to print.

Regarding the almost obligatory letter lines about "I hate my parents, they hassle/don't understand me" (which is also a province of the young, an arguably necessary part of developing a sense of self), one thing that doesn't happen for young people is to see the parents as human beings. I have friends with rebelling teenage children, and I recall when they were the same way, and I see them despair of knowing what to do—of how to reach their child.

Parents as human beings—not knowing what to do, muddling through. I think you're doing a wonderful job presenting this with Sara's Mom and with Julie. Not that it will be recognized as such—I suspect more of your readers will identify with Sara's or Mark's feelings. Children rarely forgive their parents for doing "the best they can"—until they are much older. But letting go of the resentment, the alienation, is crucial to moving on in life. I see your work as providing a possible framework for your readers to reach this understanding, and so to release. (And after all, the only thing anyone can really do is provide opportunity.)

Sincerely,
David Loehr
Redding, CA

Sam,
I'm writing to comment on Michael Spera's letter in #29. I agree completely. You see, I'm nowhere near what a "typical"

Thomas Mason
Gosnell, AR

Maxxhead is supposed to be like. I'm old (37), I have a wife and two daughters, I work (lumber salesman), I'm Republican, I have many interests in my life, including playing golf! I'm like an anti-Maxxhead. In fact, most Maxxheads would probably hate my ass!

Anyway, I just wanted to let you know that supposedly "normal" folks also dig The Maxx. We have just as much need to turn off the reality switch occasionally, and a book like The Maxx is perfect for that purpose. Thank you kindly, sir.

Jeff Geary
Louisville, KY

Michael Spera gotta lotta letters—we think the next one speaks for many of them.

Hi Sam and Sam's "lowly slave who opens and organizes",
[hi! :-)]

This is in response to the letter from Michael Spera of Braintree, MA. Please pass it on to the guy.

Michael,

Who's bitching and moaning now? And who came off as the ass, as opposed to the geek or nerd (your negative choice of words, buddy—not mine). I read "Traxx" and read about people who overcome problems. According to them, The Maxx helped a bit. One friend of mine even told me once that The Maxx made her cry because she was able to relate, and that the crying was therapeutic (reference Sara), and I thought that was great. "More power to her and her comic book," I thought to myself. People find faith in things like comic books when they can't find it in things like their family, school, or fellow members of society who call them names. If people wanna thank Sam Kieth for being their anchor to some kind of positive in their life, then t'hell with it—LET THEM. It's their letter. And if Sam Kieth wants to print these letters, let him! It's his book! Nobody is trying to irritate you with their problems. And I'm sure you didn't mean to irritate me by telling people, who like the book for really substantial reasons, that you have something up your arse about their problems and their mode of communicating them!!! Grrr.

I didn't set out to attack you. But I may as well finish. I'm glad you have friends and a girlfriend and are overflowing with enough self-esteem to not consider yourself as something as bad and evil as a nerd, but, like you said, you do have some things you can improve on. My suggestion to you is that you improve on them and, in the mean time, STOP BITCHING AND MOANING. I like reading about people's problems. I like reading to find out if they triumph over them. I read The Maxx, don't I? Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go read some more letters.

Julie Ann Elefante
Tempe, AZ

Great defense, and let's hope that people are having happy endings out there (maybe we could hear from some of them?).

But all this controversy is making my stomach ache, so let's move on so Michael Spera won't think we're picking on him.

Sam,

Are you the same Sam Kieth who inked Matt Wagner's Mage: The Hero Discovered? If so, does every project you touch turn to gold?

Cheers,
Erik Carlson
Allentown, PA

No, powdered donuts... Aw gee, Erik, there's a lot of dross between gold bars in my career.

Speaking of gold, check out Matt Wagner's new Mage II from Image this month! I got my start inking Mage, and Matt's storytelling had a huge influence on me. Maxxheads should give his work a try.

And while you're at it, check out Dave Feiss's "Cow and Chicken" cartoon on The Cartoon Network, Tuesdays at 8 p.m. ET starting July 15. Hey—how'd you like The Flower and the Moose last issue?

Dear Sam Kieth,

I've figured out how the black isz disguise themselves! It stems from two basic principles: namely, that black goes with anything, and that in the absence of light, everything appears black. Combine these two principles, and put, say, a suit on a black is. As a result of the is's coloring, any passersby will simply not see the is! Because the is is black, onlookers will assume there is poor lighting on the person/is, ascertaining who it is by its clothing (e.g. they would not see an is in a suit, they would just see a suit). The onlooker's mind would fill in the face of a businessman. Neat, eh?

Also, Gone can't go back and prevent Julie's rape and stop Dave from being hit (thereby not causing Dave to become The Maxx.) If he did, Gone would make it impossible for the events of issues 1-20 to happen. This would leave you no story to write, so you wouldn't write it.

Ryan Vandeley
Portland, OR

Cool.

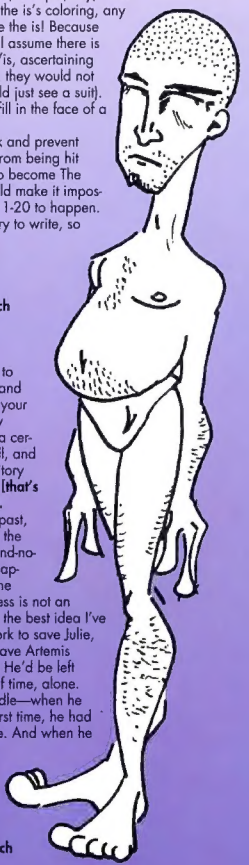
Vandeley, huh? Ever watch Seinfeld?

Hello Sam,

You said you didn't want to retell the same story again, and you're right. Don't. Think of your past stories as a long, lonely beach; you can go back to a certain point, pick up a seashell, and peek inside to unknown territory that no one knew was there **[that's what I'm doing in this issue].**

If Mr. Gone changes the past, DO NOT end this story with the typical everybody's-happy-and-no-one-remembers-what-really-happened scenario. As Mr. Gone very recently said, "Happiness is not an escape." I think—and this is the best idea I've had in a while—it would work to save Julie, save Sara, save her Mom, save Artemis Pender... but not Mr. Gone. He'd be left over, forgotten, a man out of time, alone. He'd face an unsolvable riddle—when he screwed up Sara's life the first time, he had to watch her from a distance. And when he fixes her life the second time around, he'd still have to watch her from a distance, seeing her with a happy normal father. **[I'm not sure you can seperate the Artie from the Gone, much as Artie has tried.]**

Let us see the blue cape again, if only for a moment! When you



Thomas Riviere
Montpellier, France

showed Mr. Gone in issue #29 with the glowing hand and white slits for eyes, I imagined that I could hear a collective shout of triumph from Maxxheads (or Gone-heads) all over the universe... something to the effect of, "HE'S BACK!"

Your admirer
and brother unaware,
Marc Elliott L'Hommedieu
Christiana, TN

Okay. See this issue.

ARIES SANTOS
Manilla, Philippines

Dear Mr. Kieth,

I think you should continue the redemption of the characters as they deal with what has happened in their pasts. I don't think it's such a good idea for Mr. Gone to go back in time and try to fix what has happened. And I have reasons.

First off, it's important for a story (some would say) to deal with the real consequences of your actions. In Shakespeare's time, he was criticized for showing too much violence and dementia in his plays. His defense was to say that by showing it, the patrons would learn (eventually) to deal better with hardship in their own lives.

Second, going back in time to fix the present is generally a bad idea in any story. It seems to cheapen the experience the reader has gone through in the first place.

And third, I'm not sure how you could go back to that time and not have either new readers be very confused as to what's happening, or have regular fans turned off by returning to the themes of previous issues.

As far as Sara's being lost in her outback, it's a very serious issue. If it were me, I'd have Mr. Gone return to Sara's outback in a desperate effort to find her. He should make a sacrifice of sorts to help her realize how much people care about her. I would also like to see Steve come to her rescue (finally) and show himself that he has self-worth. Perhaps in the outback, Steve's powers come alive and he rises above the weirdness and understands (as Gone does) the machinations of Sara's mind.

Paul Hurd
Salem, MA

Tempting as heroes are, I wouldn't count on Steve being a big part of the story from here on out.

Dear Sam,

How about a special "normal" issue?

From somebody who would say
anything to get his letter printed,
Aries Santos
Manila, Philippines.

I don't know how.

Hey Sam!

Don't you have any upbeat fans out there in Readerland?

Jason Saul
Lake Grove, NY

No.

Sam,

I originally became interested in The Maxx because it was multi-layered and I didn't know exactly what was going on, but I could tell it was something interesting. Most of all, I loved the characters. Maxx and Julie were people with whom I could sympathize. I'm 25 and I've had my share of bad relationships, and Maxx's single-minded determination, as well as his dependency on Julie, made him a strong character that a person could "latch on to" and feel for. Julie's hard-boiled exterior and idiosyncracy gave her the same qualities. Even Sara and Gone were strong, if enigmatic, characters. The story had a fairly definable goal: why is Julie so screwed up and what is her real relationship to Maxx and Gone? This made for compelling interest.

The reason I say these things is that it seems the new storyline is lacking in many of these aspects. Now I don't, by any means, mean to offend or criticize out of hand, but these are my thoughts, and perhaps they'll help in deciding a general direction.

The "new" characters of Sara and Artie seem to be...well... simple. Sara, who I assume is really the primary character, has just been carried along by all the minor characters. She seems to have little idea of who she is. And though in issue 26 we finally got the story of Gone, Artie is just a shell. And if it were his point to be a shell, the point is never really made. He roams around as well, reacting to minor characters and never really showing the screwed-up individual that his life would probably have left him, except in a certain apathy. Who are these two? What makes them worth reading about? See what I mean? By this time, with everything explained concerning the outback, what are they trying to discover? I think we're fairly familiar with Sara's problems, and her Maxx seems little more than a prop. Dave and Julie remain much stronger characters than Sara and Artie, and I find myself trying to see into Dave's head more than anything (considering what we know about him). Julie's son even sparks more interest for the contrast he provides to the brooding, psychologically damaged adults. And now it seems that we're going back.

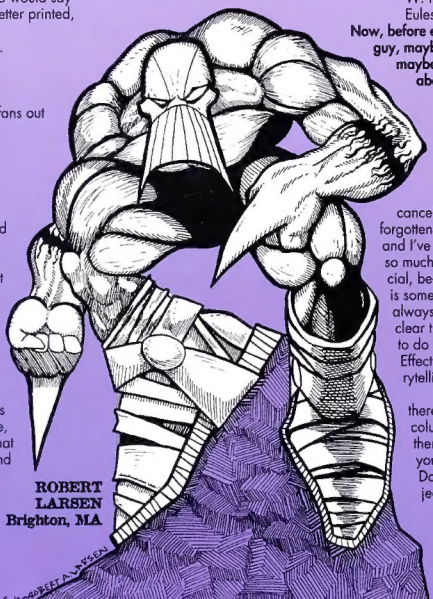
I beg you, please don't return to the old days. Don't change Julie's story. They say you can't go home again, and that's what it appears you're trying to do. However much I might like to see the old Maxx, I know that he's gone, and I'd hate to see his efforts tampered with. Again, I beg you, leave him alone.

Now, with all that negative stuff having been said, I have an idea for you. Give us somebody new and altogether different. Like Ira. I loved his story in Friends. His quest for manhood and the crazy things he did gave him a fresh new angle. And Charley... what can I say? When he started screaming, "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be!", I fell for him immediately. Those are some damn interesting characters! And surely you've got a couple of more tricks up the proverbial sleeve. Let's see 'em!

With heartfelt admiration,
W. Keith Work
Euless, TX

Now, before everybody starts jumping all over this guy, maybe he's got some valid points. Or maybe he's full of doody. I'll have to think about it.

Anyway, I'm glad there's more than one person out there who likes the idea of mixing "Maxx" and "Friends" universes together.



ROBERT LARSEN
Brighton, MA

Dear Sam Kieth,

Friends of Maxx may have been cancelled, but that doesn't mean it sould be forgotten. I've just finished reading FOM #3, and I've never been touched by a comic book so much. The Maxx itself has always been special, because although the main story concept is somewhat surreal, the characters have always been protrayed so realistically. It's clear that, with FOM, you obviously wanted to do a book about real life... normal stuff. Effectively a step ahead of The Maxx in storytelling.

FOM made me realize that there are others like me, and even the letter column told me that there are girls out there not interested in macho stuff. Thank you for giving me something to relate to. Don't be afraid to keep up the emotional jeopardy!

Elliot Jay Stocks
Kent, England

Sam,
I loved FOM, and totally agreed with Charley, but am glad that you've decided to stick with just The Maxx. Thanxx for Head to Head; I've met a ton of great people because of it!
Riordan Bates
You agree with Charley??? I don't know whether to be proud or disgusted...

Hi Sam,
Can I purchase artwork from your books, especially the painted pages?
Kevin Hansen
Grafton, WI
Nope, sorry. I don't sell much art these days, not because of vanity, but because I just don't like to spread my white-out in public.

Yo! Sammy boy!
I'm a big Maxx collector—I've got the statue, the fugure, #1/2 and so on, but my collection isn't complete. Could you print a list of all the Maxx stuff that's been made and how to get my grubby little hands on it (or if it's even available anymore).
Alex (Alf) Harris
Berkeley, CA
Your mouth to our typewriter, next month. BUT—most of the Maxx stuff has to be gotten through collectors (or fans who've gotten tired of it and need the money). Still, we'll see what kind of a list we can put together.

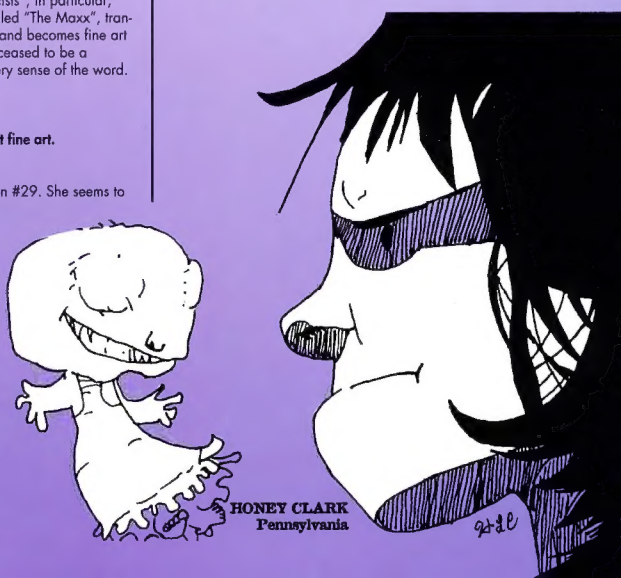
Dear Mr. Kieth,
There are two things in issue 29 I would like to respond to.
The first is the disturbing letter by a Mr. Tony Ingrisano, in which he refers to the published submitted art by your fans as "crap". A great deal of this work is refreshing, interesting, and above all, honest. Most are not copies of other illustrators' styles in the comic book genre, but are personal visions of a thing these people care very much about—your story.
The second issue I would like to respond to is your mention of your respect for "fine artists." I am a "fine artist", living, working, and pursuing my Masters of Fine Art in upstate New York. My wife is also an artist working on her Masters in Art Education. Needless to say, I too have a great respect for "fine artists", in particular, you, Mr. Kieth. I think your body of work, called "The Maxx", transcends mass communication and illustration, and becomes fine art in itself. Like Daumier and Crumb, you have ceased to be a "graphic artist", and are a "fine artist" in every sense of the word.
Keep on truckin',
Thomas Taylor
Saratoga, NY
Fan art rocks. Fine art rocks. Fan art is far out fine art.

Dear Sam,
I have something to say to K.M.C.'s letter in #29. She seems to be a strong girl. Doesn't it suck how a lot of us have to put up with that sh*t? Although I've not been through the same as her, I've never been liked too much. I've been bashed and teased all my life! And awhile ago, I was sick of the jokes about my weight, so I ate very little and exercised non-stop, until I passed out. I've got a grip on it now. See—not only women have to put up with that fat sh*t! I'm now 62 kgs, and girls still treat me like sh*t! (Sorry about all the sh*t.)
Anyway, if K.M.C. or anyone wants to talk, I'll listen. We can share stories and talk about our problems. Talking (I think) helps.
Tim Lubcke
1 Corconda St. Clearview
Adelaide, Australia 5085

Philip Jeromin
Schenefeld, Germany

Mr. Kieth,
I had no idea that your comic was still alive and well and being published monthly **[well, sort of]**. You see I've been sort of burned out with comics the past six months, picking up only Strangers in Paradise, Stray Bullets, Bone, and Madman. Every trip to the comic store, I whined to the owner about the lack of books with good storylines that kept me waiting with great anticipation for the next issue.
Then I discovered Maxx 26, and was so impressed with the amount of feelings you were able to convey through the story and art. I felt the horror of Mr. Gone's life as if I had lived it.
My greatest regret is not having picked this book up sooner. With heartfelt admiration, I thank you for sharing your creative genius.
Your loyal one,
Holly Thurston
Springfield, MA
P.S. I love how you print reader art! It's encouraging to us struggling artists.

PS/HOUSEKEEPING DETAILS WE GET ASKED ALL THE TIME:
No subscriptions or retail sales available/sorry. Use "Head-to-Head" to find back issues/fan clubs/whatever (use the address in the indicia)/postcards are cheap and easy like us/WRITE LEGIBLY. No we don't print all the letters or art we get/too many/yes SAM DOES read them ALL/you might get answered or printed or edited/you might not/life's funny that way. B&w art has better chance of being published than color/can't return artwork/sorry. Keep 'em coming/the better the letters and submissions, the better the book! Oh yeah.



HONEY CLARK
Pennsylvania

ISZ!
DAVE RAMEY
KILL ISZ!
WAP!
THE MAXX
MATT COTE Weare, NH
THE MAXX
?!
OOPS! JACOB MARLOWE
All 4 black & white drawings done by
JAMES YONICK
Mannheim, Germany